

Don CARLOS 5.
269

Prince of Spain.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the DUKE's Theatre.

Written by *Tho. Otway.*

Principibus placuisse Viris non Ultima Laus est. Hor.

Licensed, June 15. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Tonson* at *Grays-Inn-Gate*
in *Grays-Inn-Lane.* 1676.

Don CARLOS

Prince of Spain

RAGBURY

At the Duke's Palace

W. RAGBURY

London, June 15. 1876.

Robert L. H. H. H.

LONDON.

Printed at the London and West-India Office, 10, St. Dunstons Lane, E.C. 4.

TO
His Royal Highness,
THE
DUKE.

SIR,

TIs an approv'd Opinion, There's not so Unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition; for certainly he lives to very little use that only toyles in the same round, and because he knowes where he is, though in a dirty road, dares not venture on a smother path for fear of being lost. That I am not the Wretch I Condemn, Your Royal Highness may be sufficiently Convinc't, in that I durst presume to put this Poem under your Patronage. My Motives to it were not Ordinary; for besides my own propensity to take any opportunity of publishing, the Extream Devotion I owe Your Royal Highness; The mighty Encouragement I receiv'd from your Approbation of it when presented on the Stage, was hint enough to let me know at whose Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilst I do this, I am sensible the Curious World will expect some Panagerick on those Heroick Virtues which are throughout it so much Admir'd: But as they are a Theam too great for my Undertaking, so only to endeavour at the truth of e'm, must in the distance between my obscurity and their height savour of a flattery, which in your Royal Highnesses esteem I would not be thought guilty of: though in that part of e'm which relates to my self, (viz. Your Favours shew'd on a thing so mean as I am) I know not how to be silent: For you were not only so indulgent to bestow

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Praises on this, but ev'n (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my first Essay of this nature, and add yet the encouragement of your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiss Your Royal Highnesses hand in token of your permission to make a Dedication to You of the second. I must confess and boast I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am Undeserving. Yet when I consider You never give Your Favours precipitately, but that it is a Certain sign of some Desert when You vouchsafe to promote: I who have terminated my best hopes in it, should do wrong to Your Goodness, should I not let the World know my Mind, as well as my Condition is rais'd by it: I am certain none that know Your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so Great and so Good a Master; One who (as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near You, and know you by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice; 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all men created an awful Love and Respect towards You, since in the firmness of your Resolution the brave and good man is sure of You, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over, and I hope Your Royal Highness will pardon it, since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to You, who am in nothing so Unfortunate, as that I have not a better opportunity to let You and the World know how much I am

Your Royal Highnesses most Humble,
most faithful and most obedient
Servant,

Tho. Otway.



The PREFACE.

Reader,

TIs not that I have any great affection to scribbling that I pester thee with a *Preface*, for amongst friends 'tis almost as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with those that write Hackney under *Attorneys*, it will hardly keep us in *Ale and Cheese*. Honest *Ariosto* began to be sensible of it in his time, who makes his Complaint to this purpose :

*I pity those who in these latter days
Do Write, when bounty hath shut up her Gate ;
Where day and night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their labours oft have but a mock.*

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harington's* Translation ; had I understood *Italian*, I would have given it thee in the Original ; but that is not my Talent, therefore to proceed: This Play was the second that ever I writ or thought of writing: I must confess I had often a Tittillation to Poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, till I got her into a Corner in the Country, and then like a bashful young Lover when I had her private I had Courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produced any thing, till at last I know not how e're I was aware I found my self Father of a Dramatique birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades* ; but I might without offence to any person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*, for my Hero to do him right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, but would as little have bogg'd at the obliging the passion of a young and beautiful Lady, as I should my self, had I the same opportunities which I have given him. This I publish to Antedate the objections some people may make against that Play who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very severe as they think upon this, whoever they are, I am sure I never disoblig'd them, nor have they (thanks my good fortune) much Injur'd me, in the mean while I forgive 'em, and since I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom ; I am well

The Preface.

well satisfi'd I had the greatest party of men of wit and sence on my side, amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I received from the *Earl of R.* who far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seem'd almost to make it his business to establish it in the good opinion of the *King*, and his *Royal Highness*, from both of which I have since received Confirmations of their good liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed ; and it is to him I must in all gratitude confess I owe the greatest part of my good success in this, and on whose Indulgency I extremely build my hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to my self what a great many, and those I am sure of good Judgment too, have been so kind to afford me (*viz.*) That it is the best Heroick Play that has been written of late ; for I thank Heaven I am not yet so vain, but this I may modestly boast of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors, I mean those whose Souls were capable of so Noble a pleasure, for 'twas not my business to take such as only come to a Play-house to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures: Though a certain Writer that shall be nameless (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask't his opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock't, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a line in it he would be Author of*; but he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my friend Sir *Formal* has it ; and to be even with him I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of ; and so Reader I bid him and thee

Farewell.

The

The Prologue.

WHen first our Author took this Play in hand,
He doubted much and long was at a stand.
He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred things.
Not as th' are represented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage;
Us'd only just for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worse, made Villains all, or Fools.
Besides, the Characters he shows to Night,
He found were very difficult to Write:
He found the Fame of France and Spain at stake,
Therefore long paus'd and fear'd which part to take;
Till this his judgment safest understood,
To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.
But now the greatest stop was yet unpast,
He found himself, *Alas!* confin'd too fast.
He is a man of Pleasures, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to bus'ness bow,
Till at the last he did this Conquest get,
To make his pleasure whetstone to his wit,
So sometimes for variety he writ. }
But as those Block-heads who discourse by Rote,
Sometimes speak sence although they rarely know't.
So he scarce knew to what his work would grow;
But 'twas a Play because it would be so:
Yet well he knows this is a weak pretence,
For Idleness is the worst want of sence.
Let him not now of carelessness be Taxt,
He'l write in earnest when he writes the next;
Mean while—
Prune his superfluous Branches, never spare; }
Yet do it kindly, be not too severe,
He may bear better fruit another year. }

Persons represented By

<i>Philip the 2^d. K. of Spain.</i>	<i>Mr. Batterton</i>
<i>Don Carlos his Son.</i>	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
<i>Don John of Austria.</i>	<i>M. Harris.</i>
<i>Marquis of Posa the ?</i>	<i>Mr. Crosby.</i>
<i>Prince's Confident. }</i>	
<i>Rui-Gomez.</i>	<i>Mr. Medbourn</i>

<i>Queen of Spain.</i>	<i>Mrs. Mary Lee.</i>
<i>Dutchess of Eboli, Wife }</i>	<i>Mrs. Shadwell.</i>
<i>to R. Gomez.</i>	
<i>Henrietta.</i>	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
<i>Garcia.</i>	<i>Mrs. Gillow.</i>

<i>Officer of the Guards.</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
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ERRATA.

PAGE 7. line 24. for, *to their strength*, read, *so their strength*. Page 9. l. 29. for *pass*, r. *pass*. p. 10. l. 24. for, *he's too far*, r. *so too far*. p. 12. l. 22. for, *gaze*, r. *gape*. p. 54. l. 18. for *receive*, read *support*.

Advertisement.

THE Reader is desired to take Notice, That in the Third and Fourth Acts particularly the fence is frequently mistopped; which I know not whether they are the fault of the Press, or of him that Transcribed it from the Author's Copy: The false stops are generally Interrogation points, or Notes of Exclamation; when indeed they might as properly have made True-love-knots, and they would have serv'd as well to the purpose.

[1]

Don CARLOS

Prince of Spain.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT the First. SCENE the First.

A Palace Royal.

*The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen Attended,
Don Carlos, the Marquess of Pola; Rui-Gomez, &c.
Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, Attendants, Guards.*

King.

HAppy the Monarch on whose Brow no Cares
Add weight to the bright Diadem he wears.
Like me in all that he can wish for, blest:
Renown, and Love, The Gentlest calms of rest }
And peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast, }
To me great Nations Tributary are, }
Though whilest my Vast Dominions spreads so far, }
Where most I Reign, I must pay homage here. } [To the
Approach bright Mistress of my purest vows } Queen.
Now show me him that more Religion owes }
To Heaven, or to its Altars more Devoutly bows. }

B

Don

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

Don Carlos. So Merchants cast upon some Savage Coast,
Are forc't to see their dearest Treasures lost.
Curse! What's obedience? a false Notion made
By Priests, who when they found old Cheats decay'd, } *[aside.*
By such new Arts kept up declining Trade.
A Father oh! ———

King. ——— Why does my *Carlos* throwd
His Joy, and when all's Sunshine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide,
From this Fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride
Shall such a Noble Race of Heroe's spring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know
Then what already I enjoy in you,
The Brightest Ornaments of Crowns and Powers,
I only can admire, as they are yours.

K. Heaven! How he stands unmov'd! not the least show
Of Transport.

D. Car. ——— Not admire your happiness! I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence you.
Let me express the mighty Joy I feel. } *Kneels to the*
Thus Sir I pay my duty when I kneel. } *Queen.*

Queen. How hard it is his Passion to Confine:
I'm sure 'tis so, if I may judge by mine: } *[aside.*
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obsequious now. } *[To Carlos.*

D. Carlos. Oh might I but Enjoy this pleasure still!
Here would I worship, and for ever kneel.

Queen. For Heav'n my Lord, you know not what you do.

King. Still there appears disturbance on his brow:
And in his looks an Earnestness I read,
Which from no Common Causes can proceed: } *[aside.*
I'll probe him deep ———

————— When when my dearest Joy } *[To the Queen.*
Shall I the mighty debt of Love defray.

Hence to Loves secret Temples let's retire, }
There on his Altars kindle th' Am'rous fire, }
Then Phoenix-like Each in the flame expire. }

Still he is fixt ——— } *[Looking on D. Carlos.*

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

3

————— *Gomez* observe the Prince, [To *R. Gomez*]

Yet smile on me my charming Excellence,
Virgins should only fears and blushes show;
But you must lay aside that Title now.
The Doctrine which I preach by Heav'n is good;
Oh! the Impetuous fallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joyes I'm forc't to yield,
Now fate her utmost malice has fulfill'd.

Carlos farewell: for since I must submit—————

King. Now wing'd with rapture let us fly my sweet.
My Son all Troubles from thy breast resigne,
And let thy Father's happiness be thine.

{ *Exeunt K. and*
Q. attended.

D. C. What King, what God would not his pow'r forgo,
T'enjoy so much Divinity below?

Didst Thou behold her *Posa*-----

Posa. Sir I did.

D. Car. And is she not a sweet one? such a Bride,
Oh *Posa* once she was Decreed for mine.
Once I had hopes of Bliss; hadst thou but seen
How blest, how proud I was, if I could get
But leave to lye a prostrate at her feet.
Ev'n with a look I could my pains beguile,
Nay she in pitty too would sometimes smile;
Till at the last my vows successful prov'd,
And one day sighing she confess'd she lov'd;
Oh! then I found no limits to our joy,
With Eyes thus languishing we lookt all day,
So vigorous and strong we darted beams,
Our meeting glances kindled into flames,
Nothing we found that promis'd not delight,
For when rude shades depriv'd us of the light,
As we had gaz'd all day, we dreamt all night;
But after all these Labours undergone,
A cruel Father thus destroys his Son;
In their full height my choicest hopes beguiles,
And robs me of the fruit of all my Toyles
My dearest *Posa* thou wer't ever kind,
Bring thy best Counsel and direct my mind.

B 2

Enter

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here
My Lord,

D. Car. ——— Your business now?

R. Go. I've with concern beheld your Clouded brow;
Ah! though y'ave lost a Beauty well might make
Your strictness honour, and your duty shake,
Let not a Fathers ills misguide your mind,
But be Obedient, though he's prov'd unkind:

D. Car. Hence Cynick to dull Slaves thy Morals teach,
I have no leisure now to hear thee Preach;
Still you'll usurp a power o're my will:

R. Go. Sir you my Service do interpret ill,
Nor need it be so soon forgot, that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy,
When to my charge committed, I alone
Instructed you how to expect a Crown,
Taught you Ambition, and Wars noblest Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to Conquer Hearts.
Whilst though but Young,

You would with pleasure read of Sieges got,
And smile to hear of bloody Battles fought;
And still, though not controul, I may advise,

D. Car. Alas thy Pride wears a too thin disguise;
Too well I know the Fallhood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me so foul,
That hardly as his Son, a smile I've known,
But always as a Traytor met his frown;
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd,
Or if my friends my early Fame extoll'd;
You damp't my Fathers smiles still as they sprung,
Perswading I repin'd he liv'd too long;
So all my hopes by you were frustrate made,
And rob'd of Sun-shine, wither'd in the shade.
Whilst my good Patriot you dispos'd the Crown
Out of my reach, to have it in your own:

But

But I'll prevent your Policy —

R. Go. ————— My Lord,
This accusation is unjust and hard;
The King your Father would not so upbraid
My age, is all my service thus repaid?
But I will hence and let my Master hear
How generously you reward my care,
Who on my just complaint, I doubt not, will
At last redress the Injuries I feel. [*Exit Gomez.*

Po. Alas my Lord you too severely urge
Your Fate, his Interest with the King is large;
Besides, you know he has already seen
The Transports of your passion for the Queen;
The use he may of that advantage make,
You ought at least to avoid, but for her sake.

D. Car. Ah! my dear friend, th'ast toucht my tenderest
I never yet learnt the dissembling Art; (part,
Go call him back, tell him that I implore
His pardon; and will neere offend him more:
The Queen! kind Heaven make her thy nearest care:
Oh! fly, o're take him ere he goes too far. [*Exit Posa.*
How are we bandied up and down by Fate,
By so much more unhappy as we are great;
A Prince, and heir to Spain's great Monarch born,
I'm forc't to Court a Slave whom most I scorn;
Who like a *Bramble* 'mongst a *Cedars* boughs,
Vexes his Peace, under whose shade he grows;
Now he returns, assist me Falshood, — down } *Re-enter*
Thou Rebel passion ————— } *R. Gomez*
} *and Posa.*

Sir I fear I've done [*To R. Gomez.*
You wrong; but if I have you can forgive.
Heaven! can I do this abject thing and live? [*aside.*

R. Go. Ah! my good Lord it makes too large amends,
When to his Vassal thus a Prince descends;
Tho it was something rigid, and unkind
To upbraid your faithful Servant and your friend.

D. Car. Alas no more: all Jealousies shall cease
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace;

So may Just Heav'n assist me when I sue,
As I to *Gomez* always will be true:

R. Go. Stay Sir, and for this mighty favour take
All the return sincerity can make
Blest in you Fathers love, as I'm in yours,
May not one fear disturb your happy hours;
Crown'd with success may all your wishes be,
And you ne're find worse Enemies than me: [*Exeunt Car.*
Nor spight of all his greatness shall he need *and Posa.*
Of too long date, his ruine is decreed;
Spains early hopes of him have been my fears,
'Twas I the charge had of his tender years,
And read in all the Progress of his growth
An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth,
A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild,
At all my precepts still with scorn he smil'd;
Or when by th'power I from his Father had,
Any restraint was on his pleasures laid,
Usher'd with frowns on me his soul would rise,
And threaten future vengeance from his Eyes:
But now to all my fears I bid adieu,
For Prince I'll humble both your Fate and you;
Here comes the Star by whom my course I steer, [*Enter*
Welcome my Love. *Eboli.*

Eboli. My Lord why stay you here
Losing the pleasure of this happy night?
When all the Court are melting in delight,
You toyl with the dull bus'ness of the State.

R. Go. Only my fair one, how to make thee great:
Thou tak'st up all the bus'ness of my heart,
And only to it pleasures canst impart:
Say say, my Goddess, when shall I be blest?
It is an Age since I was happy last.

Eboli. My Lord I come not hither now to hear
Your love, but offer something to your Ear,
If you have well observ'd, you must have seen
To day some strange disorders in the Queen.

R. Go. Yes such as Youthful Brides do still exprefs,
Impatient Longings for the happinefs,
Approaching Joyes will fo disturb the Soul,
As Needles alwaies Tremble near the Pole.

Ebol. Come, Come, my Lord : seem not fo blind : too well
I've feen the Wrongs which you from Carlos feel.
And know your Judgment is too good, to loofe
Advantage, where you may fo fafely choofe.
Say now if I inform you, how you may
With full Revenge all your paft Wrongs repay.

R. Go. Bleft Oracle ! fpeak how it may be done,
My will, my life, my hopes are all thy own.

Eboli. Hence then and with your ftricteft cunning try
What of the Queen and Prince you can defcry.
Watch every look, each quick, and fubtle glance,
Then we'l from all produce fuch Circumftance
As fhall the King's new Jealoufie advance. }
Nay Sir, I'l try what mighty Love you fhew : }
If you will make me great, begin it now. }
How Sir ! d'you ftand Confid'ring what to do ? }

R. Go. No, but methinks I view from hence a King,
A Queen and Prince, three goodly Flowers fpring,
Whilft on 'em like a fubtle Bee I'l prey,
Till to their Strength and Vertue drawn away,
Unable to recover each fhall droop,
Grow pale and fading hang his Wither'd Top,
Then fraught with Thyme Triumphant back I'l come
And unlade all the pretious fweets at home. [Exit Gomez.]

Eboli. In thy fond policy Blind fool go on, }
And make what haft thou canft to be undone, }
Whilft I have nobler bus'nefs of my own. }
Was I bred up in Greatnefs, have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious hopes to be a Queen ?
Made love my ftudy, and with Practic'd Charms
Prepar'd my felf to meet a Monarch's Arms ?
At laft to be Condemn'd to the Embrace
Of one, whom Nature made to her difgrace ?
An old Imperfect feeble dotard, who
Can only tell Alas ! what he would do ?

8 *Don Carlos Prince of Spain.*

On him to throw away my Youth, and Bloom,
As Jewels that are lost, t'enrich a Tomb?
No, though all hopes are in a husband dead,
Another path to happiness I'll tread,
Elsewhere find Joyes which I'm in him deny'd:
Yet while he can let the slave serve my pride.
Still I'll in pleasure live, In Glory shine:
The gallant Youthful *Austria* shall be mine.
To him with all my force of Charms I'll move;
Let others toy for Greatness: whilst I love.

The End of the First Act.

ACT the Second. SCENE the First.

Don John of Austria.

SCENE, An ORANGE GROVE.

D. J. **W**hy should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
That Law, by which her self is now betray'd:
E're man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble that was born most free:
Each of himself was Lord; and unconfin'd
Obey'd the dictates of his Godlike mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in since,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their slavery Safety and defence.
My Glorious Father got me in his heat,
When all he did was eminently great.
When Warlike *Belgia* felt his Conquering power,
And the proud *Germans* Own'd him Emperour.
Why should it be A Stain upon my Blood?
Because I came not in the Common Road,
But Born obscure and so more like a God.
No, Though his Diadem Another wear,
At least to all his Pleasures He be Heir.
Here I should meet my *Eboli*, my fair

[Enter *Eboli*.
She

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

9

She comes : As the Bright *Cyprian* Goddess moves,
When Loose and In her Chariot drawn by Doves,
She rides to meet the Warlike God she Loves.

Ebol. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what fear
And Hazard, I am come to meet you here.

D. J. O banish it : Lovers like us should fly,
And mounted by their wishes soar on high,
Where softest extasies and Transports are,
While fear alone disturbs the Lower Ayre.

Eboli. But who is safe when Eyes are Every where ?
Or if we could with happiest secrecy
Enjoy these sweets ; Oh whither shall we fly
T'Escape that sight whence we can nothing hide !

D. J. Alas lay this Religion now Aside,
I'll show thee one more pleasant, that which *Jove* }
Set forth to the old World, when from above }
He came himself and taught his Mortals Love.

Eboli. Will nothing then Quench your unruly flame ?
My Lord, you might consider who I am.

D. J. I know y'are her I love, what should I more
Regard ? ———

Ebol. ——— By heaven he's brave ——— [aside.
But can so poor

A Thought possess your breast, to think that I
Will brand my name with Lust and Infamy.

D. J. Those that are noblest born, should highest prize
Loves sweets ; Oh let me fly into those Eyes,
There's something in 'em leads my Soul astray,
As he who in a Negromancer's glass
Beholds his wish't for fortune by him past,
Yet still with greedy Eyes ———
Pursues the Vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me Heaven, I dare no longer stay,
Your looks speak danger : I feel something too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [half aside

D. J. Take Vows and Prayers if ever I prove false,
See at your feet the humble *Austria* falls. [Kneels.

Eboli. Rise, Rise [Austria rises.
My Lord why would you thus deceive ? [Sighs.

D. J. How many ways to wound me you contrive ;
C Speak

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

Speak, wouldst thou have an Empire at thy feet?
 Say, wouldst thou rule the world? I'll Conquer it.

Eboli. No above Empire far I could prize you,
 If you would be but——

D. J. — What?

Eboli. ——— For ever true.

D. J. That thou may'st ne're have cause to fear those harms,
 I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms;
 Nay, I'll not one short minute from thee stray,
 My self I'll on thy tender bosom lay,
 Till in its warmth I'm melted all away. }

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, Your Lord——

Eboli. — Oh! fly or I'm undone:

D. J. Must I without my blessing then be gone? } *Kisses her*

Eboli. Think you that this discretion merits [*pulls it back.*

D. J. I'm aw'd—— (one?)

As a sick wretch that on his death-bed lyes }
 Loath with his friends to part, just as he dies, }
 Thus sends his Soul in wishes from his eyes. } *Exit D. J.*

Eboli. Oh Heaven! what charms in youth and vigour are?
 Yet he in Conquest is not gone too far,
 Too easily I'll not my self resign,
 E're I am his, I'll make him surely mine;
 Draw him by subtle baits into the Trap,
 Till he's too far got in to make escape,
 About him swiftly the soft snare I'll cast,
 And when I have him there I'll hold him fast.

Enter Rui. Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I subtilly range
 The Solitary paths of dark revenge:
 The fearful Deer in herds to Coverts run,
 Whilst Beasts of prey affect to Roam alone.

Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you spend your hours?
 You little think what my poor heart endures;
 Whilst with your absence tortur'd, I in vain
 Pant after joys I ne're can hope to gain.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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R. Go. You cannot my unkindness sure upbraid ;
You should forgive those faults your self have made :
Remember you the task you gave ?——

Eboli. ————— "Tis true,
Your pardon, for I do remember now : [Sighs]
If I forgot, 'twas love had all my mind,
And 'tis no sin I hope to be too kind.

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife !
Oh ! thou most pretious blessing of my Life !

Eboli. Do's then success attend upon your toyl ?
I long to see you Revel in the spoyl.

R. Go. What strictest diligence could do, I've done,
T'incense an angry Father 'gainst his Son ;
I to advantage told him all that past,
Describ'd with Art, each Am'rous glance they cast ;
So that this night he shun'd the marriage bed,
Which through the Court has various murmurs spread.

Enter the King attended by Posa.

See where he comes with fury in his Eyes,
Kind Heaven but grant the storm may higher rise ;
If't grow too loud I'll lurk in some dark Cell,
And laugh to hear my Magick work so well.

King. What's all my Glory ? all my Pomp ? how poor
Is fading greatness, or how vain is pow'r :
Where all the mighty Conquests I have seen ?
I who o're Nations have Victorious been, }
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curst Jealousie ; that poysons all Loves sweets,
How heavy on my heart th'invasion sits :
Oh ! *Gomez* thou hast given my mortal wound :

R. Go. What is't does so your royal thoughts confound ?
A King his power unbounded ought to have,
And ruling all, should not be passions slave.

King. Thou counsell'st well, but art no stranger sure
To the sad cause of what I now endure.
Knowst thou what Poison thou didst lately give ?
And do'st not wonder to behold me live ?

R. Go. I only did as by my duty ty'd,
And never study'd any thing beside.

King. I do not blame thy duty or thy Care;
Quickly what past between 'em more declare.
How greedily my Soul to ruine flies,
As he who in a Feavour burning lyes,
First of his Friends does for a drop implore,
Which tasted once unable to give ore:
Knows 'tis his bane, yet still thirsts after more. }
On then ———

R. Go. ——— I fear that you'l Interpret wrong!
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.

King. Lye still my heart; not long was't that you said?

R. G. No longer then they in your presence staid.

King. No longer! why a Soul in less time flies
To Heaven: and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.
Hence abject fears begone: she's all divine:
Speak Friends, can Angels in perfection sin?

R. Go. Angels that shine above do oft bestow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.

King. But *Carlos* is my Son, and alwaies near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphear.
True, she may showr promiscuous blessings down
On slaves that gaze for what falls from a Crown.
But when too kindly she his brightness sees,
It robs my Lustre to add more to his:
But oh I dare not think ———

That those Eyes should at least so humble be,
To stoop at him when they had vanquisht me.

Pofa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
That he of Virtue has too great a fence
To cherish but a thought beyond the bound
Of strictest duty: He to me has Own'd
How much was to his former passion due,
Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd you.

R. Go. You better reconcile Sir, then advise;
Be not more Charitable then y'are wise:
The King is sick, and we should give him Ease,
But first find out the depth of his Disease:
Too sudden cures have oft pernicious grown,
We must not heal up festered wounds too soon.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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King. By this then you a power would o're me gain ;
Wounding to let me linger in the pain :
I'm stung, and won't the torture long endure ;
Serpents that wound, have blood those wounds to cure.

R. Go. Good Heaven forbid that I should ever dare
To Question Virtue in a Queen so fair.
Though she her Eyes cast on her Glorious Sun,
Men oft see Treasures and yet covet none.

King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth disguis'd in Obscure Contraries.

No, I will trace his windings, All her dark
And subtlest paths, Each little Action mark :
If she prove false as yet I fear she dyes :
Ha ! here ! oh let me turn away my Eyes.
For all around she'll her bright beams display :
Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor stay,
'Spight of my self I shall be led astray.

Enter Queen
Att. Henrietta.

Exit the King Attend.
looking at the Queen.

Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn !

Sure e're his Love hee'd let me know his power :
As Heaven oft Thunders 'ere it sends a shower.

This *Spanish* Gravity is very odd

All things are by severity so Aw'd,

That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

Henr. Alas, what can you from old age expect,

When frail uneasie men themselves neglect ?

Some little warmth perhaps may be behind,

Though such as in extinguish'd fires you'll find ;

Where some remains of heat the ashes hold,

Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas Interest and Safety of the State ;

Interest that bold Imposer on our fate :

That alwaies to dark Ends misguides our wills,

And with false happiness smooths o're our ills.

It was by that unhappy *France* was led,

When though by Contract I should *Carlos* wed,

I was an Offering made to *Philip's* Bed.

[Henr. sighs.]

Why sigh'st thou *Henrietta* ?

Henr.

Henriett. Who is it can
Know your sad fate and yet from grief refrain?
With pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of *Carlos* Love.

Queen. ———— And did it please you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet
All that we could obliging call or sweet.
At every point he with advantage stood:
Fierce as a Lyon if provok'd abroad;
Else, soft as Angels, Charming as a God.

Henr. One so Accomplish'd! and who lov'd you too!
With what resentments must he part with you?
Methinks I pity him.—But oh in vain!
He's both above my pity and my pain.

[*aside.*]

Queen. What means this strange disorder?

Henr. ———— Yonder view, { *Enter D. Car.*
That which I fear will discompose you too. } *los. Posa.*

Queen. Alas! the Prince! there to my mind appears
Something that in me moves unusual fears:

Away *Henrietta.* ———— [*offers to go.*]

D. Car. ———— Why would you begone?
Is *Carlos* sight ungrateful to you grown.
If 'tis, speak. In Obedience I'll retire.

Qu. No, you may speak, but must advance no higher.

D. Car. Must I then at that Awful distance sue,
As our forefathers were Compel'd to do
When they petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High Priest might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's so pure it might be Offer'd there.

Qu. Too long 'tis dangerous for me here to stay;
If you must speak, proceed: What would you say? { *Carlos*
Nay this strange Ceremony pray give o're. } *kneels.*

D. Car. Was I n'er in this posture seen before?
Ah can your cruel heart so soon resign
All fence of these sad sufferings of mine?
To your more just remembrance if you can
Recall how fate seem'd kindly to ordain,

That

That once you should be mine : which I believ'd,
Though now alas ! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then Sir you should your Fate, not me upbraid.

D. Carl. I will not say y'ave broke the vows you made,
Only implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch ya've oft seen dying at your feet ;
And now no other favour begs to have,
Then such Kind pity as becomes your slave.
For 'midst your highest Joyes, without a Crime
At least you now and then may think of him.

Queen. If e're you lov'd me you would this forbear ;
It is a Language which I dare not hear :
My Heart and Faith become your Fathers right,
All other passions I must now forget.

D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majesty dispence }
Upon your heart such mighty Influence, }
That I must be for ever banish'd thence.
Had I been rais'd to all the heights of power,
In Triumph Crown'd the Worlds great Emperour :
Of all its riches, all its State possesst,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my breast.

Qu. In vain on her you obligations lay,
Who wants not will, but power to repay.

Henriett. Yet had you *Henrietta's* heart, you would
At least strive to afford him all you could. *[aside.]*

D. Carl. Oh say not you want pow'r, you may with one
Kind look, pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the Innocence I bear,
How pure, how spotless all my wishes are ;
You would not scruple to supply my want,
When all I'll ask you may so safely grant.

Qu. I know not what to grant, too well I find
That still at least I cannot be unkind.

D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave :

Qu. You shall not want what I may let you } *Gives her hand*
(have. } *fighting.*

D. Carl. Like one——
That fees a heap of Gems before him cast,
Thence to chuse any that may please him best :

From

From the rich Treasure whilst I choice should make,
Dazzl'd withal I know not where to take;
I would be rich——

Qu.——— Nay you too far encroach,
I fear I have already giv'n too much. [*Turns from him.*]

D. Carl. Oh take not back again th'appearing bliss;
How difficult's the path to happiness!
Whilst up the Precipice we climb with pain,
One little slip throwes us quite down again.
Stay, Madam, though you nothing more can give,
Then just enough to keep a wretch alive;
At least remember how I've lov'd——

Qu.——— I will.

D. Carl. That was so kind, that I must beg more still.
Let me love on, it is a very poor
And easie grant, yet I'll request no more.

Qu. Do you believe that you can love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again.

D. Carl. Yes I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are so:
All my disquiets banish from my breast;
I will endeavour to do so at least. [*Sighing deeply.*]
Or if I can't my miseries out-wear,
They never more shall come t'offend your Ear.

Qu. Love then Brave Prince, whilst I'll thy
(Love admire, *which D. Carlos*
Yet keep the Fame so pure, such chaste desire, *during all this*
That without spot hereafter we above *speech kisses ea-*
May meet when we shall come all soul all love. *gerly.*
Till when—— Oh whither am I run astray!
I grow too weak and must no longer stay:
For should I, the soft charm so strong would grow,
I find that I should want the power to go. *{ Exit Qu. &*
{ Henrietta.

D. Carl. Oh Sweet——
If such transport be in a taft so small,
How blest must he be that possesses all!
Where am I *Posa*? Where's the Queen? [*standing amazed.*]

Posa.—— My Lord,
A while some respite to your heart afford,
The Queen's retir'd——

D. Carl.

D. Carl.—Retir'd! and did she then,
Just show me Heaven, to shut it in agen?
This little ease augments my pain the more;
For now, I'm more Impatient than before,
And have discover'd Riches, make me mad.

Posa. But since those Treasures are now to be had,
You should correct desires that drive you on,
Beyond that duty which becomes a Son:
No longer let the Tyrant Love Invade,
The Brave may by themselves be happy made,
You to your Father now must all resign.

D. Carl. But e're he rob'd me of her she was mine.
To be my Friend is all thou hast to do:
For half my miseries thou can'st not know: }
Make my self happy! bid the damn'd do so; }
Who in sad Flames, must be for ever tost,
Yet still in view of the lov'd Hea'vn th'ave lost. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third. SCENE the First.

Don John of Austria.

The GROVE continues.

D. J. **H**OW vainly would dull Moralists Impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws:
Love is a God, and like a God should be
Inconstant: with unbounded liberty
Rove as he list——
I find it: for ev'n now I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might Covet for a taste.
Methinks I yet——
See with what soft devotion in her eyes,
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.

Oh how her Charms, surpriz'd me as I lay!
 Like too near sweets they took my sence away:
 And I ev'n lost the pow'r to reach at Joy.
 But those cross withcrafts soon unravell'd were,
 And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far:
 As Anchor'd Vessels in Calm Harbours ride,
 Rock't on the swellings of the floating Tide.
 How wretched then's the man who thought alone
 He thinks he's blest; yet as Confin'd to one,
 Is but at best a pris'ner on a Throne.

To him King Attended. Posa. Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Powr's! whose substitutes we are,
 On whom y'ave layn of Earth the rule and care:
 Why all our Toyles do you reward with ill?
 And to those Weighty Cares add Greater still?
 Or how could I your Dieties enrage,
 That blest my youth, thus to afflict my age!
 A Queen and a Son's Incest! dismal Thought!

D. J. What is't so soon his Majesty has brought
 From the soft Arms of his young Bride? } To Go-
mez.

King. — Ay true.
 Is she not *Austria* young and Charming too?
 Dost thou not think her to a wonder fair?
 Tell me. —

D. J. — By Heav'n more bright than Planets are;
 Her Beauties force might ev'n their pow'r Out-do.

King. Nay she's as false and as unconstant too.
 Oh *Austria*, that a form so outward bright,
 Should be within all dark and ugly night.
 For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
 My Love, that dearest Jewel of my Soul:
 Takes from its shrine the pretious Relique down,
 T'adorn a little Idol of her Own,
 My Son! That Rebel both to Heav'n and me!
 Oh the distracting throwes of Jealousie!
 But as a drowning wretch just like to sink,
 Seeing him that threw him in upon the brink:
 At the third plunge layes hold upon his Foe;
 And tugs him down into destruction too.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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So thou from whom these miseries I've known,
Shall bear me out again, or with me drown. *{ Seizes roughly
on Rui-Gomez.*

R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the Successes of my Sovereign's fate.
What is't, Great Sir, you wou'd command me!

King. How! —

—What is't? — I know not what I'd have thee do;
Study revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

D. John. Alas! what frenzy does your temper haunt!
Revenge! on whom!

King. On my false Queen and Son.

R. Go. On them! good heav'n what is't that they have done,
Oh had my tongue been curst e're it had bred
This Jealousie — *[half aside.]*

King. — Then cancel what tha'lt said.
Did'st thou not tell me, that thou saw'st him stand,
Printing soft vows, in kisses on her hand:
Whilst in requital she such glances gave,
Would quicken a Dead Lover in his Grave.

R. Go. I did: and what less could the Queen allow
To him, then you to every vassal show:
Th'affording him that little from Loves store,
Imply'd that she for you reserv'd much more.

King. Oh doubtless she must have a wondrous store
Of Love, that sells it at a rate so poore.
Now Thoud'st rebate my passion with advise,
And when thou shouldst be active, wou'dst be wise,
No, lead me where I may their Incest see.
Do: or by heav'n — do and I'll worship Thee!
Oh how my Passions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy weight, I yield and bow.
But I le regather yet my strength, and stand
Brandishing all my Thunder in my hand.

Pofa. And may it be sent forth and where it goes,
Light fatally and heavy on your foes.
But let your Loyal Son, and Consort, bear
No ill, since they of any guiltless are.
Here with my Sword defiance I proclaim,
To that bold Traytor, that dares wrong their fame.

D. J. I too, dare with my life their Cause make good.

King. Sure well their Innocence y'ave understood,
That you so prodigal are of your blood.

Or wouldst thou speak me comfort? I would find
'Mongst all my Councillors at least one kind.

Yet any thing like that I must not hear,
(Or so my wrongs I should too tamely bear)
And weakly grow my own fond flatterer.

Posa, withdraw

[*Exit Posa.*]

My Lords, all this y'have heard.

R. Go. Yes, I observ'd it Sir, with strict regard.
The Young Lord's Friendship was too great to hide.

King. Is he then so to my false Son ally'd?

I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all

My Fates unhappy Engines plot my fall,

Like *Cesar* in the Senate, thus I stand,

Whilst ruine threaten'd him on ev'ry hand.

From each side he had warning he must dye;

Yet still he brav'd his Fate, and so will I.

To strive for ease would but add more to pain,

As streams that beat against their banks in vain

Retreating swell into a Flood again.

No, I'll do things the World shall quake to hear,

My just revenge so true a stamp shall bear.

As henceforth Heav'n it self shall emulate,

And copy all its vengeance out by that.

All but *Rui-Gomez* I must have withdrawn,

I've something to discourse with him alone.

[*Ex. omnes præter K. & Gomez.*]

Now *Gomez* on thy truth depends thy fate,

Thou'st wrought my sence of Wrong to such a height:

Within my breast it will no longer stay,

But grows each minute till it force its way.

I would not find my self at last deceiv'd.

R. Go. Nor would I 'gainst your reason be believ'd;

Think Sir your Jealousie to be but fear

Of loosing treasures which you hold so dear:

Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent,

I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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King. Meant? what should looks and sighs and pressings
No, no: I need not hear it o're again. (mean?

No repetitions—something must be done.

Now there's no ill I know that I would shun.

I'll fly till them I've in their Incest found

Full charg'd with rage and with my vengeance hot,

Like a Granado from a Cannon shot,

Which lights at last upon the Enemies ground,

Then breaking deals destruction all around. [*Ex. King.*

R. Go. So! now his Jealousie is at the Top;

Each little blast will serve to keep it up.

But stay; there's something I've omitted yet,

Posa's my Enemy: and true he's great.

Alas! I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do;

For my snare's large enough to hold him too.

Yet, I'll disguise that purpose for a while:

But when he with the rest is caught i'th Toile,

I'll boldly out and wanton in the ipoile. }

Enter Posa.

Posa. My Lord *Rui-Gomez*! and the King not here!

You who so eminent a Favourite are.

In a King's Eye, should ne're be absent thence.

R. Go. No Sir! 'tis you that by a rising Prince

Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way:

Rich in that bliss the World waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the World we ought to prize,

I wish there were no publick enemies.

No lurking Serpents poyson to dispeace,

Nor Wolves to prey on noble Innocence.

No flatterers that with Royal goodness sport,

Those stinking weeds that over-run a Court.

R. Go. Nay; if good wishes any thing could do;

I have as earnest wishes Sir as you.

That tho' perhaps our King enjoys the best

Of power, yet may he still be doubly blest.

May he _____

Posa. Nay *Gomez* you shall ne're out-do me there; }

Since for Great *Philip's* good I wou'd you were }

(If possible) more honest then you are. }

R. Go.

R. Go. Why *Posa*, what defect can you discern?

Posa. Nay half your mysteries I'm yet to learn:
Tho' this I'll boldly justify to all,
That you contrive a generous Prince's fall. [*Gom. smiles*]
Nay think not by your smiles, and careless port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to sport.
I do not Sir.

R. Go. Young Lord! what meaning has
This heat?

Posa. To let you see I know y'are base.

R. Go. Nay then I pardon ask that I did smile,
By heav'n I thought, y'had jested all this while.
Base! ———

Posa. Yes! more base then impotent or old,
All vertue in thee, like thy blood, runs cold;
Thy rotten putrid Carkass is less full,
Of Rancor and Contagion then thy Soul.
Even now, before the King I saw it plain,
But duty to that Presence aw'd me then;
Yet there I dar'd thy Treason with my Sword,
But still ———

Thy Villany talk't all; Courage had not a word.
True thou art old; yet if thou hast a Friend,
To whom thy Cursed Cause thou dar'st commend;
'Gainst him in publick I'll the Innocence
Maintain, of the fair Queen, and injur'd Prince.

R. Go. Farewel bold Champion ———
Learn better how your passions to disguise,
Appear less Cholerick, and be more wise. [*Exit R. Go.*]

Posa. How frail is all the glory we design?
Whilst such as these have pow'r to undermine.
Unhappy Prince who might'st have safely stood,
If thou hadst been less great, or not so good.
Why the vile Monster's blood did I not shed,
And all the vengeance draw on my own head?
My honour so, had had this just defence,
That I preserv'd my Patron and my Prince. } *Enter Carlos*
Brave *Carlos*! ha! he's here! O Sir take heed. } *and Queen.*
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led;

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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The King, the King your Father's jealous grown,
Forgetting her, his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his vengeance up, against you both.

D. Carl. Has then the false *Rui-Gomez* broke his Oath?
And after all, my Innocence betrayd?

Pofa. Yes? all his subtlest snares are for you laid,
The King within this minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd if but seen with her;
Retire my Lord.——

Queen. How! is he jealous grown!
I thought my Virtue he had better known.
His unjust doubts have soon found out the way,
To make their entry on our Marriage day:
For yet he has not with me known a night;
Perhaps his Tyranny is his delight.
And to such height his Cruelty is grown,
He'd Exercise it on his Queen and Son.
But since my Lord, this time we must obey,
Our Interest, I begg you would not stay.
Not seeing you he may to me be just.

D. Carl. Should I then leave you, Madam?

Queen. Yes! you must.

D. Carl. Not then, when storms against your Virtue rise!
No, since to lose you, wretched *Carlos* dies,
He'l have the honour of it, in your Cause.
This is the noblest thing that Fate could do,
She thus abates the rigour of her Lawes.
Since 'tis some pleasure but to dye for you.

Queen. Talk not of death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
When their base fears compel e'm to despair.
Hope's the far nobler passion of the Mind,
Fortune's a Mistress that's with Caution kind,
Knows that the constant merit her alone;
They, who though she seem froward, yet court on.

D. Carl. To wretched minds thus still some comfort
(gleames,
And Angels ease our griefs though but with dreames:
I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
And the Cheats grown too plain to be believ'd.

You

You Madam, bid me go.

Queen. You must.

*{ Looking earnestly
at the Queen.*

Posa. You shall;

Alas I love you, would not see you fall;
And yet may find some way t' evade it all.

D. Carl. Thou *Posa* ever wert my truest Friend,
I almost wish thou wert not now so kind;

Thou, of a thing that's lost tak'st too much care;

And you fair Angel too indulgent are.

[To the Queen.]

Great my despair; yet still my Love is higher—

Well—in obedience to you I'll retire.

Though during all the Storm I will be nigh,

Where if I see the danger grow too high,

To save you Madam, I'll come forth and and dye.

*{ Exit D.
Carlos.*

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have guess't that this had
(ever been?

*{ Seeing Po-
sa and the
Queen.*

Distraction! where shall my revenge begin?

Why he's the very Bawd to all their sin?

And to disguise it put's on Friendships mask,

But his Dispatch, *Rui-Gomez* is thy task;

With him pretend some private conference,

And under that disguise seduce him hence;

Then in some place fit for the Deed impart

The bus'ness by a Ponyard to his Heart.

R. G. 'Tis done.

King. So Madam! —

[Steps to the Queen.]

Queen. — By the fury in your eyes,

I understand you come to tyrannize.

I hear you are already Jealous grown,

And dare suspect my Virtue with your Son.

King. Oh Woman-kind! thy Myst'ries! who can scan
Too deep for easie weak believing man!

Hold! let me look! indeed y'are wondrous fair,

So on the out-side *Sodoms* Apples were.

And yet within, when open'd to the view,

Not half so dang'rous, or so foul, as you.

Queen. Unhappy Wretched Woman that I am,
And you unworthy of a Husband's name?

Do you not blush?——

King. Yes Madam for your shame.

Blush too my Judgment ere should prove so faint,

To let me chuse a Devil for a Saint.

When first I saw, and lov'd, that tempting eye,

The Fiend within the flame I did not spy;

But still ran on and Cherish't my desires:

For heav'nly Beams mistook Infernal fires.

Such raging fires, as you have since thought fit

Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth, should meet.

Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!——

Queen. —— Poor Ungen'rous King!

How mean's the Soul from which such thoughts must

Was it for this I did so late submit, (spring!

To let you whine and languish at my feet?

When with false Oaths you did my heart beguile,

And proffer'd all your Empire for a smile.

Then, then, my freedom 'twas I did resign,

Though you still swore you would preserve it mine.

And still it shall be so: For from this hour

I vow to hate, and never see you more.

Nay frown not *Philip*, for you soon shall know

I can resent and rage as well as you.

King. By Hell her pride's as Raging as her lust:

A Guard there——Seize the Queen—— [*Enter Guard.*

Enter Carlos and Intercepts the Guard.

D. Carl.——Hold Sir be Just.

First look on me whom once You call'd your Son.

A Title I was alwaies proud to own.

King. Good Hea'vn to merit this what have I done?

That he too dares before my sight appear.

D. Carl. Why Sir, where is the Cause that I should fear?

Bold in my Innocence, I come to know

The reason, why you use this Princess so.

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this siege:

He talks as if 'twere for his Priviledge.

Foul ravisher of all my Honour hence:

But stay: Guards with the Queen secure the Prince.

E

Where-

Wherefore in my Revenge should I be slow?
Now in my reach, I'll dash 'em at a Blow.

Enter D. John of Austria; Eboli and Henriett. Garcia.

D. J. I come Great Sir, with wonder here, to see
Your rage grown up to this Extremity
Against your beauteous Queen, and Loyal Son,
What is't that they to merit Chains have done? }
Or is't your own wild Jealousie alone?

King. Oh *Austria* thy vain Enquiry Cease,
If thou hast any value for thy peace;
My mighty Wrongs so loud an accent bear;
'T would make thee miserable but to hear.

D. Carl. Father, if I may dare to call you so,
Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no:
As you have seal'd my doom I may Complain.

King. Will then that Monster dare to speak again?

D. Car. Yes: dying men should not their thoughts disguise;
And since You take such Joy in Cruelties;
E're of my death the new delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how cruel You have been.
Time was that we were smil'd on by our fate,
You not Unjust, nor I unfortunate.
Then, then, I was your Son, and you were glad:
To hear my early praise was talk't abroad.
Then Loves dear sweets you to me would display,
Told me where this rich Beauteous Treasure lay, }
And how to gain't instructed me the way.
I came, and saw, and lov'd, and blest you for't.
But then when Love had seal'd her to my heart,
You Violently tore her from my side:
And 'cause my Bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But still some pleasure to behold her took;
You now will have my life but for a look.
Wholly forgetting all the pains I bore, }
Your heart with envious Jealousie boyles ore,
'Cause I can love no less, and you no more.

Hen. Alas! how can you hear his soft Complaint,
And not your hardned stubborn heart relent?

Turn Sir, survey that comely awful man,
And to my Prayers be cruel if you can.

King. Away deluder: who taught thee to sue?

Eboli. Loving the Queen what is't she less can do,
Then lend her aid against the dreadful storm?

King. Why can the Devil dwell too in that form?
This is their little Engine by the by,

A Scout to watch, and tell when danger's nigh.

Come pretty sinner Thou'lt inform me all,

How, where, and when, nay do not fear—you shall

Hen. Ah Sir Unkind!——

[*Kneels.*

King.——Now hold thy Syrens Tongue.

Who would have thought there were a Witch so young?

D. J. Can you to suing Beauty stop your Ears?

Hea'vn layes its Thunder by, and gladly hears
When Angels are become petitioners.

*Takes up Hen.
and makes his
address to her.*

Eboli. Ha! what makes *Austria* so officious there!

That glance seems as it sent his heart to her.

*aside to
Garcia.*

D. Carl. A Banquet then of blood since you design,

Yet you may satisfy your self with mine.

I love the Queen, I have confest 'tis true:

Proud too to think I love her more than you;

Though she by Heav'n is clear—but I indeed

Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.

There were no lawless thoughts that I did want,

Which Love had pow'r to ask, or Beauty grant.

Tho' I ne're yet found hopes to raise 'em on,

For she did still preserve her Honours Throne:

And dash'd the bold aspiring Devil's down.

If to her Cause you do not credit give

Fondly against your happiness you'll strive,

As some loose Heav'n because they won't believe.

Queen. Whilst Prince, my preservation you design,

Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.

The clearness of my truth I'd not have shown,

By any other light besides its Own,

No Sir, he through despair all this has said,

And owns Offences which he never made.

Why should you think that I would do you wrong?
Must I needs be Unchast because I'm young?

King. Unconstant Wav'ring heart why heav'nt thou so?
I shiver all, and know not what I do.

I who e're now have Armies led to fight,
Thought War a Sport, and danger a delight:
Whole Winter nights stood under Heav'n's wide roof
Daring my foes: now am not Beauty proof.
Oh turn away those Basilisks thy Eyes,
Th'Infection's fatal, and who sees 'em, dyes.

[*Goes away.*]

Qu. Oh do not fly me; I have no design
Upon your life, for You may yet save mine.
Or if at last I must my Breath submit,
Here take it, 'tis an off'ring at your feet.
Will you not look on me my dearest Lord?

[*Kneels.*]

King. Why would'st Thou live!——

Qu. Yes, if You'l say the Word.

D. Carl. Oh Heav'n! how Coldly, and unmov'd, he sees
A praying Beauty prostrate on her knees!
Rise Madam——

[*Steps to take her up.*]

King.——Bold Encroacher touch her not:
Into my breast her glances thick are shot.
Not true?—stay let me see,—By Heav'n Thou art } *Looks earn-*
—A false Vile Woman—Oh my foolish heart! } *estly on her.*
I give thee life—But from this time refrain,
And never come into my sight again:
Be banish't ever.——

Queen.——This you must not do,
At least till I've convinc't you I am true.
Grant me but so much time, and when that's done,
If you think fit, for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry but in vain;
She heats me first, then stroaks me tame again.
Oh wert thou true how happy should I be!
Think'st Thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
No, all my Kingdom for the bliss I'd give:
Nay though it were not so but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, Cheat me quite.

Qu. I would not Sir deceive you if I might,

But if you'll take my Oaths; by all above
'Tis you, and only you that I will love.

King. Thus as a Mariner that sailes along;
With pleasure hears th'enticing *Syrens* Song,
Unable quite his strong desires to bound,
Boldly leaps in though certain to be drown'd.
Come to my bosom then; make no delay:
My rage is hush't, and I have room for Joy.

*{ Takes her in
his Arms.*

Queen. Agen, you'll think that I unjust will prove?

King. No Thou art all o're truth, and I all love.
Oh that we might for ever thus remain
In folded Arms, and never part again!

Queen. Command me any thing, and try your pow'r.

King. Then from this minute ne're see *Carlos* more.
Thou slave that dar'st do ill with such a port,
For ever here I banish thee my Court.
Within some Cloyster lead a private life:
That I may love and rule without this strife.
Here *Eboli* receive her to thy Charge.
The Treasure's pretious, and the trust is large,
Whilst I retiring hence, my self make fit
To wait for Joies, which are too fierce to meet.

[Exit King.]

D. Carl. My Exile from his presence I can hear
With pleasure; But no more to look on her!
Oh 'tis a dreadful Curse I cannot bear!
No Madam, all his pow'r shall nothing do:
I'll stay, and take my Banishment from you.
Do you Command me, see how far I'll fly.

Qu. Will *Carlos* be at last my Enemy?
Consider this submission I have shown;
More to preserve your safety than my own?
Ungratefully you needless waies devise
To loose a life, which I so dearly prize.

D. Carl. So; now her fortune's made: and I am left *[Aside.*
Alone, a naked wanderer to shift; *{ To the*
Madam you might have spar'd the Cruelty; *{ Queen*
Blest with your sight I was prepar'd to die:

But

But now to loose it drives me to despair;
 Making me wish to die, and yet not dare.
 Well, to some solitary shoar I'll roam,
 And never more into your presence come:
 Since I already find I'm Troublesome.

[*is going.*

Qu. Stay, Sir, Yet stay:—You shall not leave me so.

D. Carl. Ha! ———

Qu. ——— I must talk with you before you go.
 Oh *Carlos* how unhappy is our state?
 How foul a game was play'd us by our Fate!
 Who promis'd fair when we did first Begin,
 'Till Envyng to see us like to Win:
 Straight Fell to Cheat, and threw the false Lot in.
 My Vows to You I now remember all.

D. Car. Oh Madam, I can hear no more. ———

[*Kneels.*

Qu. ——— You shall. ———

[*Kneels too.*

For I can't chuse but let you know, that I
 If you'll resolve on't Yet will with you die.

D. Car. Sure nobler gallantry was never known?
 Good Heav'n! this Blessing is too much for one
 No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.
 My Father, all my foes I now forgive.

Queen. Nay Sir by all our Loves I charge You live;
 But to what Country, Wherefoe're You go,
 Forget not me, for I'll remember You.

D. Carl. Shall I such Virtue, and such Charms forget?
 No, never ———

Queen. ——— Oh that we had never met.
 But in our distant Clymates still been free!
 I might have heard of you, and you of me:
 So towards happiness more safely mov'd;
 And never been thus wretched, Yet have lov'd.
 What makes you look so wildly?—why d'you start?

D. Carl. A faint cold damp is Thick'ning round my heart.

Queen. What shall we do? ———

D. Carl. ——— Do any thing but part.
 Or stay so long till my poor Soul expires:
 In View of all the Glory it admires.

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Eboli. In such a Lover how might I be blest!
Oh were I of that noble Heart posselt,
How soft, how easie would I make his bands!
But Madam, You forgot the King's Commands: { *To the*
Longer to stay your dangers You'l Renew. { *Queen.*

D. Car. Ah Princess! Lovers pains you never knew;
Or what it is to part as we must do.
Part too for ever! ———

After one Minute, never more to stand
Fix't on those Eyes, or pressing this soft hand;
'Twere but enough to feed on, and not starve:
Yet that is more than I did e're deserve.
Though fate to us is niggardly and poor;
That from Eternity can't spare one hour.

Qu. If it were had, that hour would soon be gone,
And we should wish to draw another on.
No, Rigorous necessity has made
Us both his slaves; and now will be obey'd.
Come let us try the parting blow to bear.
Adieu. ———

D. Car. Farewell. [*Looking at each other.*
—— I'm fix't and rooted here,
I cannot stir ———

Qu. Shall I the way then show?
Now, hold my heart! ——— { *Goes to the door, then*
—— Nay Sir, why don't you go? { *stops, and turns back*
again.

D. Carl. Why do you stay? ———

Qu. I won't. ———

D. Car. ——— You shall a while [*Kneels.*
With one look more my Miseries beguile,
That may support my heart 'till you are gone.

Qu. Oh *Eboli* thy help or I'm undone! [*Takes hold on Eboli.*
Here take it then, and with it too my life. { *Leans into Ebo-*
li's arms.

D. Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at strife:
Since my griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'll try to vanquish, and out-toyl the ill.

Well

32 *Don Carlos Prince of Spain.*

Well Madam, now I'm something hardier grown;
Since I at last perceive you must be gone:

To venture the Encounter I'll be bold, { Leads her to
the door.
For Certainly my heart will so long hold.
Farewel——be happy as y are fair and true.

Qu. And all Heav'ns kindest Angels wait on You. [Exit with Eboli.

D. Carl. Thus long I wander'd in Loves crooked way,
By hope's deluding Meteor, led astray:
For e're I've half the dang'rous desert crost,
The glimm'ring ligh's gone out, and I am lost.

[Exit D. Carlos.

The End of the Third Act.

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE, *The Anti-Chamber to the Queens
Apartment.*

Don Carlos, and Posa.

D. Carlos. **T**He next is the Apartment of the Queen, { is going.
returns.
In vain I try, I must not venture in.
Thus is it with the Souls of murder'd men;
Who to their Bodies would agen repair, }
But finding that they cannot enter there, }
Mourning and groaning wander in the Aire. }
Rob'd of my Love, and as unjustly thrown }
From all those hopes that promis'd me a Crown, }
My heart, with the Dishonour's to me done,
Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my breast;
But it will break, and I shall be at rest.
No: Dull despair this Soul shall never Load,
Though Patience be the Virtue of a God:

Gods

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Gods never feel the ills that govern here,
Or are above the Injuries we bear.

Father! and *King!* both names bear mighty sence:
Yet sure there's something too in *Son*, and *Prince*.

I was born high, and will not fall less great,
Since Triumph Crown'd my Birth! I'll have my Fate,
As Glorious and Magestic too, as that.

To *Flanders Posa*, strait my Letters send,
Tell 'em the injur'd *Carlos* is their Friend.

And that to head their Forces I design,
So vindicate their Cause, if they dare mine.

Posa. To th'Rebels! ———

D. Carlos. No, th'are Friends, their Cause is just,
Or when I make it mine, at least, it must;
Let th'Common Rout like Beasts Love to be Dull,
Whilst fordidly they live at ease and full!
Senseless what Honour or Ambition means,
And ignorantly dragg their Load of Chains.
I am a Prince have had a Crown in view,
And cannot brook to loose the prospect now;
If th'art my Friend, do not my will delay.

Posa. I'll do't. ——— [Exit *Posa*.]

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. My Lord!

D. Carl. Who calls me?

Eboli. You must stay.

D. Carl. What newes of fresh affliction can you bear?

Eboli. Suppose it were the Queen, you'd stay for her?

D. Carl. For Her! Yes, stay an Age, for ever stay.

Stay ev'n till time it self shou'd pass away!

Fix here a Statue never to remove,

An everlasting Monument of Love.

Though, may a thing so wretched as I am,
But the least place in her remembrance claym?

Eboli. Yes, if you dare believe me Sir you do;

We both can talk of nothing else but you:

Whilst from the theame ev'n Emulation springs,

Each striving who shall say the kindest things.

F

D. Carl.

D. Carl. But from that Charity I poorly live,
Which only pities and can nothing give.

Ebol. Nothing! propose! what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know may be security.

D. Carl. No Madam! what's my due none e're can pay,
There stands that Angel Honour in the way
Watching his Charge with never sleeping eyes,
And stops my Entrance into Paradise.

Ebol. What *Paradise*! what Pleasures can you know
Which are not in my power to bestow?

D. Carl. Love! Love! and all those eager melting charms,
The Queen must yield when in my Father's arms.
That Queen so excellently richly fair,
Love could he come agen a Lover here }
Would Court Mortality to die for her.
Oh Madam! take not pleasure to renew
Those pains which if you felt you wou'd not do.

Ebol. Unkindly urg'd: think you no sence I have
Of what you feel? Now you may take your Leave;
Something I had to say, but let it die.

D. Carl. Why Madam, who has injur'd you? not I.

Ebol. Nay Sir! your presence I would not Detain!
Alas! you do not hear that I complain!
Tho' could you half of my Misfortunes see,
Methinks you should encline to pity me.

D. Carl. I cannot guess what mournful tale you'd tell,
But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak Madam! ———

Ebol. Say I lov'd, and with a flame
Which even melts my tender heart to name;
Lov'd too a man! I will not say ingrate,
Because he's far above my Birth or Fate.
Yet so far He at least does cruel prove,
He prosecutes a dead and hopeless Love.
Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be blest,
Tho' I invite him kindly to a Feast.

D. Carl. What stupid Animal could senceless lye,
Quick'n'd by beams from that illustrious eye!

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Ebol. Nay to encrease your wonder you shall know
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too:
Till ev'n I blush as now I tell it you.

D. Carl. You neither shall have cause of shame or fear,
Whose Secrets safe within my Bosome are.

Ebol. Then farther I the riddle may explain,
Survey that Face, and blame me if you can! *{ Shews him his
own Picture.*

D. Carl. Distraction on my eyes what have they seen!
'Tis my own Picture which I sent the Queen.
When to her Fame I paid Devotion first,
Expecting bliss but lost it I am curs't.
Curst too in thee, who from my Saint dar'st steal
The onely Relique left her of my Zeal!
And with the Sacriledg. attempt my heart,
Wer't thou more charming than thou think'st thou art!
Almighty Love preserves the Fort for her,
And bids defiance to thy Entrance there.

Ebol. Neglected! scorn'd! by Father and by Son;
What a malicious course my Stars have run?
But since I meet with such unlucky Fate
In love, I'll try how I can thrive in hate. }
My own dull Husband may assist in that: }
To his revenge I'll give him fresh alarms, *[aside.]*
And with the gray old Wizzard muster charms
I hav't: Thanks, thanks Revenge: Prince 'tis thy bane!
Can you forgive me Sir? I hope you can, *[To Carl. mildly.]*
I'll try to recompence the wrongs I've done,
And better finish what is ill begun.

D. Carl. Madam! you at so strange a rate proceed,
I shall begin to think you Lov'd indeed.

Ebol. No matter! be but to my Honour true,
As you shall ever find I'll be to you.
The Queens my charge, and you may on that score,
Presume that you shall see her yet once more.
I'll lead you to those so much worshipt charms;
And yield you to my happy Rivals arms.

D. Carl. In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound,
I did not think such Virtue could be found.

Thou Mistress of all best perfections stay?
 Fain I in gratitude wou'd something say!
 But am too far in Debt for thanks to pay.

}

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. John. Where is that Prince, He whose afflictions speak,
 So loud as all Hearts but his own might break!

D. Carl. My Lord! what Fate has left me I am here
 Mère man, of all my comforts strip't, and bare:
 Once like a Vine I flourish't, and was young,
 Rich in my ripening hopes that spoke me strong.
 But now a dry and wither'd stock am grown:
 And all my Clusters and my Branches gone.

}

D. John. Amongst those numbers which your wrongs
 (deplore,

Then me, there's none that can resent e'm more.
 I feel a generous grudging in my breast,
 To see such honour and such hopes oppress.
 The King your Father is my Brother, true,
 But I see more that's like my self in you.
 Freeborn I am, and not on him depend:
 Oblig'd to none but whom I call my Friend.
 And if that Title you think fit to bear,
 Accept the Confirmation of it here.

[Embrace.

D. Carl. From you, to whom I'm by such Kindness ty'd,
 The secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
 This generous Princess has her promise giv'n,
 I once more shall be brought in sight of Heav'n..
 To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay,
 And then for *Flanders* I intend my way.
 Where to th'insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
 To keep my self from wrongs, and them in awe.

D. John. Prosperity to the Design, 'Tis good;
 Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

D. Carl. My Lord, your spreading Glories flourish high,
 Above the reach or shock of Destiny;
 Mine early nip't like Buds untimely dye.

}

Enter

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offic. My Lord ! I grieve to tell what you must hear, }
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear, }
Which are to guard you as a Prisoner. }

D. Carl. A pris'ner ! what new game of Fate's begun ? }
Henceforth be ever curs'd the name of Son : }

Since I must be a Slave because I'm one.
Duty ! to whom ? He's not my Father : no :
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go,
Tell him his Fury drives too much one way ;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

D. John. If ask't by whose Commands you did decline
Your Orders, Tell my Brother, 'Twas by mine. [*Ex. Officer.*]

D. Carl. Now were I certain it would sink me quite ;
I'd see the Queen once more Though but in spite.

Tho' He with all his fury were in place,
I wou'd carefs and court her to his face.
Oh that I could this minute die, if so
What he had lost he might too lately know,
Curfing himself to think what he has done :
For I was ever an obedient Son.

With pleasure all his glories saw when young,
Look't and with pride confid'ring whence I sprung.
Joyfully under him and free I playd
Baskt in his shine and wanton'd in his shade —
But now —

Cancelling all what e're he then conferr'd
He thrusts me out among the common Herd.
Nor quietly will there permit my stay
But drives and hunts me like a Beast of prey,
Affliction ! Oh affliction ! 'tis too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to suffer yet.
Though ruine at me from each side take aim,
And I stand thus encompass'd round with flame :
Tho' the devouring fire approaches fast, }
Yet, will I try to plunge : if power wast, }
I can at worst but sink and burn at last. }

(*Ex. D. Carlos.*)

D. John.

D. John. Go on ! perſue thy fortune while 'tis hot,
I long for work where Honour's to be got.
But, Madam, to this Prince, you're wond'rous kind.

Ebol. You are not leſs to *Henriet*. I find.

D. John. Why, ſhe's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

Ebol. I thought I might in charms have equal'd her.
You told me once my Beauty was not leſs,
Is this your faith ? are theſe your promiſes ?

D. John. You would ſeem jealous, but are crafty grown.
Tax me of falſhood to conceal your own.
Go, Y'are a woman —

Ebol. Yes, I know I am.

And by my weakneſs do deſerve that name.
When heart and Honour I to you reſign'd.
Would I were not a woman or leſs kind !

D. John. Think you your falſhood was not plainly ſeen,
When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen.
Too well I ſaw it : how did you diſpence ;
In looks your pity to th' afflicted Prince.
Whiſt I my duty paid the King : your time
You watcht, and fixt your melting eyes on him,
Admir'd him —

Ebol. Yes Sir, for his conſtancie —

But 'twas with pain to think you falſe to me,
When to anothers eyes you homage paid,
And my true love wrong'd and neglected laid.
Wrong'd too ſo far as nothing can reſtore.

D. John. Nay, then let's part and think of love no more.
Farewel —

[*D. J. is going.*]

Ebol. Farewel, if y'are reſolv'd to go.
Inhumane *Auftria* can you leave me ſo ?
Enough my Soul is by your falſhood rack'd.
Add not to your inſtancie neglect.
Methinks you ſo far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

D. John. If e're you lov'd, 'tis you not I forget.
For a Remove 'tis here too deeply ſet.
Firm rooted and for ever muſt remain.
Why thus unkind ? —

[*Ebol. turns away.*]

Ebol.

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Ebol. Why are you jealous then ? *[turns to him.]*

D. John. Come, let it be no more ! I'm husht and still !

Will you forgive ?

Ebol. How can you doubt my will !

I do :

D. John. Then send me not away unblest.

Ebol. Till your return I will not think of rest.

Carlos will hither suddenly repair.

The next Apartment's mine ; I'll wait you there.

Farewel.

[Ebol. seems to weep.]

D. John. O do not let me see a Tear.

It quenches Joy and stifles appetite.

Like Wars fierce God upon my bliss I'd prey ;

Who from the furious Toils of Arms all day :

Returning home to Loves fair Queen at night,

Comes riotous and hot with full delight *[Ex. D. John.]*

Ebol. H'has reapt his Joys, and now he would be free, }

And to effect it puts on Jealousie.

But I'm as much a Libertine as He. }

As fierce my will as furious my desires,

Yet will I hold him ; Tho' enjoyment tyres,

Though Love and Appetite be at the best ; }

He'll serve as common meats fill up a Feast ; }

And look like plenty though we never taste.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Old Lord ! I bring thee News will make thee young.

R. Gom. Speak, there was always Musique in thy Tongue.

Ebol. Thy Foes are tott'ring, and the Day's thy own,

Give 'em but one lift now and they go down.

Quickly to th' King and all his Doubts renew,

Appear disturb'd as if you something knew,

Too difficult, and dang'rous to relate.

Then bring him hither labouring with the weight,

I will take care that *Carlos* shall be here,

So for his jealous eyes a sight prepare :

Shall prove more fatal than *Medusa's* head,

And he more Monster seem than he e're made.

Enter

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!
When shall I get th' Usurper dispossest?
My thoughts like Birds when frightened from their rest,
Around the place where all was hush before,
Flutter and hardly settle any more —

Ha! *Gomez!* What art thou thus musing on? [*Sees Gomez.*

R. Gom. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son,
What mighty cares and what tempestuous strife
Attend on an unhappy Father's life?

How Children Blessings seem, but Torments are,
When young our folly, and when old our fear.

King. Why dost thou bring these odd reflections here?
Thou enyest sure the quiet which I bear.

R. Gom. No Sir: I joy i' th' ease which you possess.
And wish you never may have cause for less.

King. Have cause for less I come nearer, Thou art sad,
And look't as thou wouldst tell me that I had:
Now, now, I feel it rising up again —

Speak quickly, where is *Carlos*, where the Queen?
What not a word? have my wrongs struck thee dumb?
Or art thou swoll'n and labouring with my doom?
Yet dar'st not let the fatal secret come?

R. Gom. Heav'n great infirmities to age allots:
I'm old and have a thousand doting Thoughts:
Seek not to know 'em Sir.

King. By Heaven I must.

R. Gom. Nay, I would not be by compulsion just.

King. Yet, if without it you refuse, you shall.

R. Gom. Grant me then one request, I'll tell you all.

King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Gom. It is that you wou'd here for give your Son,
For all his past offences to this hour.

King. Th' hast almost ask'd a thing beyond my pow'r,
But so much goodness i' th' request I find,
Spite of my self I'll for thy sake be kind;
His Pardon's seal'd: The secret now declare.

R. Gom. Alas! 'tis only that I saw him here. —

King.

King. Where with the Queen? Yes, yes, 'tis so I'm sure.
Never were wrongs so great as I endure.

So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint;
For half my patience might have made a Saint.

O Woman! Monstrous Woman!

Did I for this into my breast receive,

The promising repenting Fugitive?

But *Gomez*, I will throw her back agen,

And thou shalt see me smile, and tear her then:

I'll crush her heart, where all the poison lies:

Till when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

R. Gom. They the best method of revenge pursue,

Who so contrive that it may Justice shew:

Stay till their wrongs appear at such a head,

That Innocence may have no room to plead.

Your fury, Sir, at least a while delay,

I guess the Prince may come agen this way:

Here I'll withdraw and watch his privacy.

King. And when he's fixt, be sure bring word to me.

Till then, I'll bridle vengeance, and retire,

Within my breast suppress this angry fire:

Till to my eyes my wrongs themselves display,

Then like a Faulcon, gently cut my way;

And with my pounces seize th'unwary prey.

} *Ex. King.*

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've overheard the business with delight,

And find revenge will have a Feast to night.

Though thy declining years are in their wane,

I can perceive there's youth still in thy brain.

Away. The Queen is coming hither.

[*Ex. R. Gom.*]

Enter Queen, and Women. Henrietta.

Queen. Now
To all felicity along adieu!

Where are you *Eboli*?

Eboli. Madam, I'm here.

Qu. Oh how fresh fears assault me every where!
I hear that *Carlos* is a prisoner made.

Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders disobey'd;

And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
To head the Rebels, whom he stiles his friends.
But e're he goes, by me does humbly sue,
That he may take his last farewell of you.

Queen. Will he then force his Destiny at last?
Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haste:
Tell him, I beg his purpose he'd delay:
Or if that can't his resolution stay,
Say I have sworn not to survive the hour,
In which I hear that he has left this shore.
Tell him, I've gain'd his pardon of the King:
Tell him — to stay him — tell him any thing: —

Eboli. One word from you his Duty would restore,
And though you promis'd ne're to see him more,
Methinks you might upon so just a score.
But see he's here ———

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Carl. Run out of breath by Fate,
And persecuted by a Fathers hate,
Weari'd with all, I panting hither fly,
To lay my self down at your feet and dy. *{ Knells and kisses*
Qu. O! too unhappy *Carlos*! yet unkind! *her hands.*
'Gainst you what harms have ever I design'd,
That you should with such violence decree;
Ungratefully at last to murder me?

D. Carl. Pour all thy Curses, Heav'n! upon this head.
For I've the worst of vengeance merited;
That yet I impudently live to hear,
My self upbraided of a wrong to her. *{ [he rises,*
Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I snares t' entrap your virtue laid?
Tell me: if not, why do you then upbraid?

Queen. You will not know the afflictions which you give,
Was't not my last request that you wou'd live?
I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I see,
Forgetting them; unmindful too of me;
Regardless your own ruine you design;
Though you are sure to purchase it with mine.

D. Carl.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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D. Carl. I as you bad me 'ive, obey'd with pride.
Though it was harder far than to have di'd.

But lo! of Liberty my life disdains.

These Limbs were never made to suffer Chains.

My Father should have singl'd out some Crown,

And bidden me go conquer't for my own:

He should have seen what *Carlos* would have done.

But to proscribe my freedom, sink me low,

To base confinement where no comforts flow:

But black Despair that foul Tormentor lies:

With all my present load of Miseries,

Was to my Soul too violent a smart,

And rous'd the sleeping Lion in my heart.

Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry Father's rage,

I know the least submission will assuage.

You're hot with Youth, He's cholerick with Age.

To him: and put a true obedience on;

Be humble, and express your self a Son.

Carlos! I beg it of you: Will you not?

D. Carl. Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't.

I must obey whatever you prefer,

Knowing y'are all Divine, and cannot err.

For if my Doom's unalt'rable, I shall

This way at least with less Dishonour fall.

And Princes less my tameness thus condemn,

When I for you shall suffer, though by him.

Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate

Of this; and for a happy issue wait.

Your presence there he cannot disapprove,

When it shall speak your Duty and my Love.

Ex. Carl. and

Enter R. Gomez.

Queen.

Ebol. Now *Gomez* triumph. All is ripe. The Toy

Has caught 'em, and Fate saw it with a smile.

Thus far the Work of Destiny was mine;

But I'm content the Master-piece be thine.

Away to th' King; prepare his Soul for Blood;

A Mystery thou well hast understood:

Whilst I go rest within a Lovers arms,

And to my *Austria* lay out all my charms.

[Aside. Exit.

R. Gom.

R. Gom. Fate open now thy Book, and set 'em down,
I have already markt 'em for thy own.

Enter King, and Posa (at a distance.)

My Lord the King.

King. Gomez!

R. Gom. The same.

King. Hast seen

The Prince?

R. Gom. I have.

King. Where is he?

R. Gom. With the Queen.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlasting flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongst your Presidents there e're
Was seen a Sonlike him, or wife like her!
Hark Gomez! did'st not hear th' Infernals groan?
Hush Hell a little, and they are thy own.

Posa. Who should these be? the King and { at a distance.
(*Gomez* sure:

Methinks, I with that *Carlos* were secure.

For *Flanders* his Dispatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there? 'Tis *Posa* Pander to { drawing near
(their Lust. { to Posa.

Now *Gomez* to his heart thy Dagger Thrust;
In the pursuit of vengeance drive it far,
Strike deep, and if thou can'st wound *Carlos* there.

R. Gom. I'll do't as close as happy Lovers kiss;
May he strike mine if of his heart I miss.

Thus Sir _____ [*Stabs him.*

Posa. Ha *Gomez!* Villain! thou hast done
Thy worst! but yet I would not die alone:

Here Dogg _____ [*Stabs at him.*

R. Gom. So brisk! then take it once again, { As they are struggling
'Twas onely Sir to put you out of pain. { the Dispatches fall
{ out of Posa's bosom.

{ *Stabs him again, and Posa falls.*

Posa. My Lord! the King! but life too far is gone,
I faint! be mindful of your Queen and Son. [Dies.

King.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain. 45

King. The Slave in death repents and warns me, Yes
I shall be very mindful: What are These? *[Takes up the*
For *Flanders!* with the Prince's Signet seal'd? *Dispatches.*
Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd.
See *Gomez!* practices against my Crown: *[Shows e'm him.*
Treason and Lust have Joyn'd to pull me down.
Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy Rock,
Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock.
But I too long delay, give word I come.

R. Gom. What ho! within: the King is nigh, make room.

The SCENE draws, and discovers *D. John,* and
Eboli embracing.

King. Now let me if I can to fury add,
That when I thunder, I may strike e'm dead.
[Looking earnestly on e'm.

Ha! — *Gomez!* on this Truth depends thy Life,
Why that's our Brother *Austria!*

R. G. And my Wife!

Embracing close; Whilst I was busie grown
In others ruines, here I've met my own.
Oh! had I perish't e're 'twas understood.

King. This is the Nest, where Lust and falshood brood.
Is it not admirable? —

{ Exit D. John and
{ Eboli embracing.

R. Gom. O Sir yes!

Ten thousand Devils tear the Sorcerers —

King. But they are gone, and my Dishonour's near.

Enter D. Carlos and Queen discoursing.

Look my incestuous Son and Wife appear!
See *Gomez,* how she Languishes and dyes,
'S' death! There are very pulses in her eyes.

[D. Carlos approaches the King.

D. Carl. In peace, Heav'h ever guard the King from harms,
In Warr Success and Triumph crown his Arms:
Till all the Nations of the World shall be
Humbled and prostrate at his feet like me. *[Kneels.*

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I hear your fury has my Death design'd ;
Though I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind :
Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not spill that blood which is your own.

King. Yes ! when my blood grows tainted I ne'r doubt
But for my health, 'tis good to let it out :
But thine's a stranger like thy soul to me,
Or else be curs't thy Mothers memory :
And doubly curs't be that unhappy night,
In which I purchac'd torment with delight.

D. Carl. Thus then I lay aside all rights of blood, { Rises
boldly.
My Mother curs't ! she was all Just and good.
Tyrant ! too good to stay with thee below,
And therefore's blest, and raings above thee now.
Submission, which way got it entrance here !

King. Perhaps it came e're Treason was aware,
Thy trayterous designs now come to Light,
Too great, and horrid to be hid in night :
See here my Honour and thy Duties stains ; { Shows the
Dispatches.
I've paid your Secretary for his pains.
He waits you there, to Council with him, go
Ask what Intelligence from *Flanders* now. { Shows Po-
sa's Body.

D. Carl. My Friend here slain, my faithful *Posa*, 'tis ;
Good Heav'n ! what have I done to merit this ?
What Temples sack't ? what Desolations made,
To pull down such a vengeance on my head ?
This Villain, was thy work, what Friend of thine [*To Gomez.*
Did I e're wrong, that thou should'st murder mine ?
But I'll take care it shall not want reward — [*Drawes.*

King. Courage, my *Gomez* ! since thy King's thy Guard.
Come Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfill.

D. Carl. No : Tho' unjust, you are my Fa- { Throwes away
his Sword.
(ther still.

And from that Title must your safety own :
'Tis that which awes my hand, and not your Crown.
'Tis true all there contain'd I had design'd ;
To such a height your Jealousie was grown,
It was the onely way that I could find
To work your peace, and to procure my own.

King.

King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decrease,
You'd ease me of my Crown to give me peace.

D. Carl. Alas ! you fetch your misconstructions far,
The injuries to Me, and wrongs to her,
Were much too great for Empire to repair:
When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a Sons and Princes right:
Branded my Honour, and pursu'd my Life,
My Duty Long with Nature was at strife:
Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name,
Could suffer by the voice of common Fame.
A thing I still esteem'd beneath my pride ;
For though condemn'd by all the world beside, }
Had you but thought me just, I could have dy'd. }
At last this onely way I found, to flye
Your anger, and divert you Jealousie—
To go for *Flanders*, and be so remov'd
From all, I ever honour'd, ever Lov'd.
There in your right hoping I might compleat,
'Spight of my wrongs some Action truly great.
Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
Your hate, and shun that storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit hate ! he would forgo
The joyes and charms of Courts to purchase you :
Banish himself, and stem the dang'rous Tide
Of Lawless outrage, and rebellious pride.

King. How evenly she pleads in his defence !
So blind is guilt when 'twou'd seem Innocence.
She thinks her softness may my rage Disarm ;
No, *Sorcerers* ! Y'are mistaken in your charm. }
And whilst you sooth, do but assist the storm. }

Do, take full view of your tall able slave, } *Q. looking*
Look hard ; it is the last y'are like to have. } *on Carlos.*

D. Carl. My Life or Death are in your pow'r to give.

King. Yes, and thou dy'st !

D. Carl. Not till she give me leave ;
She is the Star that rules my Destiny.
And whilst her Aspect's kind, I cannot dy.

Queen.

Qu. No Prince, for ever live, be ever blest.

King. Yes, I will send him to's eternal rest!

Oh! had I took the Journey long ago,
In'ere had known the pains that rack me now.

Queen. What pains? what racks? [approaching him.

King. Avoid and touch me not.

I see thee foul all one incestuous blot:

Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty face.

Queen. Have I then in your pity left no place?

King. Oh thus it was you drew me in before,
With promises you ne'r would see him more.
But now your subtlest Wiles too weak are grown,
I've gotten freedom and I'll keep't my own.

Queen. May you be ever free, but can your Mind
Conceive that any ill was here design'd?
He hither came onely that he might show
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.
You saw his humble Dutiful address.

King. But you before-hand sign'd the happy Peace.

Enter Eboli.

Oh Princess thank you for the Care you take!
Tell me! how got this Monster entrance? speak.

Eboli. Heav'n witness, 'twas without my knowledg done.

R. Gom. No, she had other bus'ness of her own. [aside.

Oh Blood and Murder——

King. All are false! A Guard. [Enter Guard.

Seize on that Traytor. [To Carlos.

D. Carl. Welcome: I am prepar'd.

Queen. Stay Sir! let me die too, I can obey.

King. No, Thou shalt live. [Seemingly kind.

By heav'n but not a Day;
I a revenge so exquisite have fram'd, [aside.
She unrepenting dies, and so she's damnd.

Henr. If ever pity could your heart ingage,
If e're you hope for blessings on your Age,
Incline your ears to a poor Virgins pray'r.

King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What would'st thou say?

Henr.

Henr. Destroy not in one man
More Virtue than the World can boast agen.
View him the eldest pledge of your first Love;
Your Virgin Joyes! that may some pity move—

King. No: for the wrongs I suffer weigh it down,
I'd now not spare his life to save my own.
Away by thy soft Tongue, I'll not be caught.

Henr. By all that hopes can frame I begg, if not,
May you by some base hand unpity'd dye;
And childless Mothers curse your Memory.

By Honour; Love; by Life!——

King. Fond Girl away.

By heav'n I'll kill thee else! still dar'st thou stay?
Cannot Death terrifie Thee?

Henr.——No, for I,
If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.

D. Carl. Kind fair one do not waite your sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joyes in store
When I in dust am laid, and seen no more.
Oh Madam!——

[*To the Queen.*]

Qu. Oh my *Carlos*! must you dye
For me? no mercy in a Father's eye.

D. Carl. Hide, Hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A tendernefs that misbecomes my heart:
For since I must, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my aid my Manly spirits call.

Qu. You like a man as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a woman still.

[*Weeps.*]

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the race of all Mankind was curst.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd;
But your great Lord the Devil taug'ht you pride.
He too an Angel till he durst rebel;
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on, a stock of tears like Vows you have,
And alwaies ready when you wou'd deceive.

Qu. Cruel Inhumane! Oh my heart! why shou'd
I throw away a Title that's so good,

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On one a stranger to what e're was so:

Alas I'm torn, and know not what to do.

The Just repentment of my wrong's so great, } Ready to sink
My spirits sink beneath the heavy weight. } with passion.

Tyrant! stand off. I hate thee! and will try
If I have scorn enough to make me dye.

D. Car. Blest Angel stay—— [Takes her in his Arms.]

Qu. Carlos! the sole Embrace
You ever took, you have before his face.

D. Carl. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous East, }
In all the Glories of his Empire drest, }
Was ever half so rich, or half so blest! }
But from such blis how wretched is the fall;
They too like we must die, and leave it all.

King. All this before my face! what Soul could bear't.
Go force her from him. [Officer approaches.]

D. Car. —— Slave 'twill cost thy heart:
Th'adst better meet a Lyon on his way,
And from his hungry Jawes reprice the prey:
She's Mistress of my Soul, and to prepare
My self for death, I must consult with her.

R. Go. Have pity—— [Ironically.]

King. Hence! How wretchedly he rules,
That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by fooles.
Oh Torture! ——

D. Car. —— Rouze my Soul, Consider now,
That to thy blissful Mansion thou must go.
But I so mighty Joyes have tasted here,
I hardly shall have sence of any there.

Oh soft as Blossoms! and yet sweeter far: } Leaning on
Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends, } her bosom.
Though 'tis presented there by Angels hands.

King. Still in his Arms! Cowards go tear her forth.

D. Car. You'l sooner from its Center shake the Earth.
I'll hold her fast till my last hour is nigh;
Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his hold or any thing.——

D. Carl. —— Ay Come.
Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb:

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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I'd have my Monument erected Here,
With broken mangled Limbs still clapping her.

Qu. Hold and I'll quit his Arms—[*The Gu. Offer their Axes.*

King. Now bear him hence. [They part.

Qu. Oh horrid Tyrant! § *The Gu. are hurrying Carlos off.*

Stay Unhappy Prince.—

Turn, turn oh Torment! must I leave you so?

No stay and take me with you where you go.

D. Carl. Hark slaves, my Goddeſs ſummons me to ſtay.

Dogs! have you eyes, and can you diſobey? § *Preſſing*

See her! Oh let me but juſt touch my bliſs. § *forward.*

King. By Hell he ſhan't, ſlaves are ye mine or his.

Qu. My life!

D. Car. — My Soul Farewel——

Qu. — He's gone, he's gone. [Exit Carlos.

Now Tyrant to thy rage I'm left alone.

Give me my death that hate both life and thee.

King. I know thou doſt, yet live.

Qu. — Oh miſery!

Why was I born to be thus curſt? or why
Should life be forc't, when 'tis ſo ſweet to die? } *Throwes her ſelf on the floor.*

King. Thou woman haſt been falſe: but to renew [To Eboli.

Thy Credit in my heart, aſſiſt me now:

Prepare a draught of poiſon, ſuch as will

Aſt ſlow, and by degrees of Torment kill.

Give it the Queen, and to prevent all ſence

Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,

And that e're Morning he'll attend her: I }

In a diſguiſe his preſence will ſupply: }

So Glut my rage, and ſmiling ſee her dye. }

Eboli. Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd——

R. Go. Do, work thy miſchiefs to their laſt degree,
And when th'are in their height I'll murder thee. [aſide.

King. Now Gomez ply my rage and keep it hot }

O're Love and Nature I've the Conqueſt got: }

Still charming Beauty triumphs in her eyes, § *Looking at the Queen.*

Yet for my honour, and my reſt ſhe dies.

[Exeunt Queen and Women.

52 *Don Carlos Prince of Spain.*

But oh what Ease can I expect to get,
When I must purchase at so dear a rate.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

The SCENE shuts.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT the Fifth. SCENE the First.

Enter King Solus.

King. 'TIS night : the season when the happy take
Repose, and only wretches are awake :
Now discontented Ghosts begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholsome Grounds :
Or at the Curtains of the restless wait,
To frighten 'em with some sad tale of fate.
When I would rest, I can no rest obtain ;
The ills I've born ev'n o're my slumbers reign, }
And in sad Dreams torment me o're again. }
The fatal business is e're this begun :
I'm shock't, and start to think what I have done.
But I forget how I that *Phillip* am
So much for Constancy renown'd by fame :
Who through the Progress of my life, was ne're
By hopes transported, or depress'd by fear.
No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And steadfastness will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli in a Night-Gown.

Who! *Eboli*?

Ebol. My Lord.

King. Is the Deed done?

Ebol. 'Tis! and the Queen to seek repose is gone.

King. Can she expect it? who allow'd me none!

No *Eboli*; her Dreams must be as full
Of horror, and as Hellish as her Soul;

Does

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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Does she believe the Prince has freedom gaind?

Ebol. She does.

King. How were the tydings entertain'd?

Ebol. O're all her Face young wandring blushes were,
Such as speak hopes too weak to conquer fear.—
But when confirm'd no Lover e're so kind,
She clasp'd me fast, carest, and call'd me Friend:
Which Opportunity I took to give
The Poison, and till Day she cannot live.

King. Quickly then to her: say that *Carlos* here
Waits to confirm his happiness with her.
Go: that my vengeance I may finish quite,
'T would be imperfect should I lose the sight.
But to contrive that I may not be known,
And she may still mistake me for my Son:
Remove all Lights but that which may suffice
To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Ebol. You'll find her all in ruful fables clad,
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect light,
Such as in Vaults assist the ghastly shade,
Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night:
Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn,
Till *Carlos* shall with Liberty return.

King. Oh stedfast Sin! incorrigible Lust!
Not damn'd! it is impossible she must.
How do I long to see her in her pains,
The poy's'nous Sulphur rowling through her Veins.

Enter D. John, and Attendants.

Who's there? my Brother!

D. John. Yes Sir, and your Friend!
What can your Presence here so late intend?

King. Oh *Austria*! Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand
Will put thy Youthful Courage to a stand.
Survey me: Do I look as heretofore?

D. John. You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of Pow'r:
Like one who still seeks Glory on the Wing;
You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miserable in a man:

But

But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow,
I'll be as happy and as gay as Thou.

D. John. No Sir! my happiness you cannot have!
Whilst to your abject passions thus a slave.
To know my ease you thoughts like mine must bring,
Be something less a man, and more a King.

King. I'm growing so: 'Tis true that long I strove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love.
Those Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul so fast,
But now the Date of the Enchantment's past:
Before my rage like ruins down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o're 'em all.

D. John. I know your Queen and Son y^e have doom'd to
And fear by this the fatal hour is nigh. (die,
Why would you cut a sure Succession off,
At which your Friends must grieve, and Foes will laugh.
As if since Age has from you took away
Increase, you'd grow malicious and destroy.

King. Doubt it not *Austria*: Thou my Brother art,
And in my blood I'm certain hast a part.
Onely the Justice of my Vengeance own,
Th'art Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.

D. John. I must confess there in a Crown are charms,
Which I would Court in bloody Fields and Arms;
But in my Nephew's wrong I must decline,
Since he must be extinguish'd e're I shine.
To mount a Throne o're Battlements I'd climb,
Where Death should wait on Me, not I on him.
Did you e're Love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of so brave a Son?

King. I guess'd I should be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindness, but no more:
Thou living free, alas, art easie grown,
And think'st all hearts as honest as thy own.

D. John. Not Sir so easie! as I must be bold,
And speak what you perhaps wou'd have untold;
That y^e are a slave to th' vilest that obey,
Such as Disgrace on Royal Favour lay:
And blindly follow as they lead astray. }

Voracious Varlets, sordid Hangers on,
Best by familiarity Th are known,
Yet shrink at frowns, but when you smile they fawn.
Th'are these have wrong'd you and abus'd your Ears,
Possess your Mind with false mis-grounded fears.

King. Mis-grounded fears! why is there any Truth
In Womens Vowes, or Disobedient Youth!
I sooner would believe this World were Heav'n;
Where I have nought but Toyles and Torment met,
And never comfort yet to man was given:
But thou shalt see how my revenge I'll treat.

*The SCENE drawes and discovers the Queen (alone)
in mourning on her Couch with a Lamp by her.*

Look where she sits as quiet and serene, [Ironically.]
As if she never had a Thought of sin.

In mourning her wrong'd Innocence to show;
Sh'has sworn't so oft that she believes it true.
O'rewhelm'd with sorrow she'l in darkness dwell,
So we have heard of Witches in a Cell,
Treating with Fiends and making Leagues with Hell.

[Q. rises, and comes towards him.]

Queen. My Lord! Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd!
Are my eyes blest? and am I not deceiv'd?

King. My Queen! My Love I'm here——[Embraces her.]

Queen. My Lord! the King!

This is surprizing Kindness, which you bring!
Can you believe me Innocent at last?
Methinks my griefs are half already past!

King. O Tongue in nothing practis'd, but deceit;
Too well she knew him not to find the cheat:
Yes vile Incestuous Woman! it is I
The King! Look on me well, despair and die.

Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my doom before,
Since to affliction you could add no more:
Methinks Death is less welcome when I find,
You could but Counterfeit a look that's kind.

King. No, now th'art fit for Death, had I believ'd
Thou could'st have been more wicked, thou had'st liv'd.

Liv'd

Liv'd and gone on in lust and riot still,
 But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:
 And that of the reward thou might'st not miss,
 This night th'ast drank thy bane, th'art poison'd: Yes
 Thou art——

Queen.—— Then welcome everlasting bliss.
 But e're I die, let me here make a Vow.
 By Heav'n, and all I hope for there I'm true.

King. Vows you had alwaies ready when you spoke,
 How many of 'em have you made and broke?
 Yet there's a pow'r that does your fallhood hear,
 A Just one too, and lets thee live to swear.

How comes it that above such mercy dwels,
 To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's good,
 My Innocence had else been understood.
 At first your love was nothing but your pride;
 When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
 You then a Kind Indulgent Father were:
 But finding me Unfortunately fair,
 Thought me a prize too rich to be possess
 By him, and forc't your self into my breast;
 Where you maintain'd an Unresisted pow'r:
 Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more:
 Till Conscious of your Age my faith was blam'd,
 And I a lewd Adulteress proclaim'd;
 Accus'd of foulest Incest with your Son:
 What more could my worst Enemy have done?

King. Nothing I hope, I would not have it said,
 That in my Vengeance any fault I made.
 Love me! oh low pretence! too feebly built:
 But 'tis the Constant fault of dying guilt,
 Ev'n to the last to cry th'are Innocent;
 When their despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having Urg'd your Malice to the head,
 You spightfully are Come to rail me dead.
 Had I been man and had an impious Wife,
 With speedy fury I'd have snatch'd her life:

Torn a broad passage open to her heart,
And there have ranſack't each polluted part:
Triumph'd and laugh'd t' have ſeen the li's uing flood,
And Wantonly have bath'd my hands in blood.
That had out-done the low revenge You bring,
Much fitter for a Woman then a King.

King. I'm glad I know what death you'd wiſh to have,
You would go down in ſilence to your grave:
Remove from future fame, as preſent times,
And bury with you if you could your Crimes.
No, I will have my Juſtice underſtood:
Proclaim thy falſhood, and thy luſt aloud,

Queen. About it then, the noble work begin,
Be proud and boaſt how cruel you have been.
Oh how a Monarch's glory 'twill advance!
Do, quickly let it reach the ears of *France*;
I've there a Royal Brother that is Young,
Who'l certainly revenge his Siſters Wrong:
Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne, a wretched thing,
And make it quite forgot thou e're wert King.

King. I ne're had pleaſure with her till this Night:
The Viper finds ſhe's cruſh't, and fain would bite.
Oh were he here and durſt maintain that word,
I'd like an Eagle ſeize the Callow Bird,
And gripe him till the daſtard Craven Cry'd;
Then throw him panting by his Siſters ſide.

Qu. Alas! I faint and ſink, my Lord your hand, [*To D.F.*
My ſpirits fail, and I want ſtrength to ſtand.

D.F. O Jealouſie.

A Curſe which none but he that bears it } Leads her to
(knows; } a Chair.

So rich a Treafure who would live to looſe.

King. The poiſon works, heav'n grant there were enough:
She is ſo foul, ſhe may be poiſon proof.
Now, my falſe fair one——

Qu. Tyrant hence be gone,
This hour's my laſt, and let it be my own.
Away, away, I would not leave the light,
With ſuch a hated Object in my fight.

King. No, I will stay and ev'n thy pray'r's prevent,
I would not give thee leisure to repent :
But let thy sins all in one Throng Combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou hast Tortur'd mine.

Qu. Glut then your Eyes, your Tyrant Fury feed,
And Triumph ; but remember when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying pillows, you
May feel those Tortures, which you give me now.
Go on, your worst reproaches I can bear,
And with 'em all, you shall not force a Tear.

King. Thus *Austria* my lost freedom I obtain,
And once more shall appear my self again.
Love held me fast whilst like a foolish Boy
I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay,
But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away.

Eboli within.

Eb. Help, Murder, help. —

King. — See *Austria* whence that Cry,
Call up our Guards, there may be danger nigh.

[*Enter Guard.*

Enter Eboli in her night-dress wounded and bleeding,

Rui-Gomez pursuing her.

Eb. Oh Guard me from that Cruel Murderer !
But 'tis in vain, the steel has gone too far :
Turn Wretched King, I've something to unfold,
Nor can I die till the sad Secret's Told.

King. The Woman's mad ! to some Apartment by
Remove her, where she may grow tame and dye.
Fate came abroad to night resolv'd to range ;
I Love a kind Companion in revenge.

[*hugs R. Go.*

Ebol. If in your heart truth any favour wins ;
If e're you would repent of secret sins,
Here me a word.

King. — What wouldst thou say ? be brief.

Ebol. Do what you can to save that precious life :
Try every art that may her death prevent ;
You are abus'd, and she is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my hopes of you were vain,
Led by my lust I practis'd all my Charms,
To gain the Prince *Don Carlos* to my Arms :

But

But there too cross't, I did the purpose change,
And pride made him my Engine for Revenge : [To R.Go.
Taught him to raise your growing Jealousie,
Then my wild passion at this Prince did fly, { To D. J.
And that was done for which I now must die.

King. Ha *Gomez*, speak and Quickly, is it so?

R. Go. I'm sorry you should doubt if't be or no:
She by whose lust my honour was betray'd,
Cannot want malice now to take my head,
And therefore does this penitence pretend.

Eb. Oh *Austria* take away that Ugly Fiend,
He smiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul:
See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls rowl. •

R. Go. Thus is her fancy tortur'd by her guilt;
But since you'll have my blood, let it be spilt.

King. No more——

Speak on I charge thee by the rest [To R. Go.
Thou hope'st the truth, and as thou shalt be blest. [To Eb.

Eb. As what I've said is so:
There may I find, where I must answer all,
What most I need, heav'n's mercy on my Soul. [Dyes.

King. Heav'n! she was sensible that she should dye,
And durst not in the minute tell a lye. {

D. J. His guilt's too plain, see his wild staring Eye. {
By unconcern he would show innocence,
But Harden'd Guilt ne'er wanted the pretence
Of great submission when't had no defence.
Thus whilst of life you shew this little Care;
You seem not guiltless, but betray despair. {

King. His life! what satisfaction can that give?
But oh in doubt I must for ever live,
And loose my peace—Yet I the truth will find;
I'll rack him for't; go in this minute bind
Him to the wheel——

R. Go. How have I this deserv'd,
Who only your Commands obey'd and serv'd?
What would you have me do?

King.—I'd have thee tell
The truth; do *Gomez*, all shall then be well.

60 *Don Carlos Prince of Spain.*

R. Go. Alas ! like you Sir, in a Cloud I'm lost,
And can but tell you what I think at most :
You set me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I still brought the best Intelligence
I could, till finding him too much aware
Of me, I nearer measures took by her :
Which if I after a false Copy drew,
'Tis I have been Unfortunate as you.

King. And this is all thou hast for life to shew ?

R. Go. Dear Sir your pardon, it is all I know.

King. Then Villain I am dam'd as well as thou.
Heav'n where is now thy sleeping providence,
That took so little care of Innocence ?

Oh *Austria*, had I to thy truth inclin'd :

Had I been half so good as thou wer't kind.

But I'm too tame, secure that Traytor ; Oh

Earth open to thy Center, let me Go

And there for ever hide my Impious head.

Thou fairest purest Creature Heav'n e're made,

Thy Injur'd truth too late I've understood :

Yet live and be Immortal as Th'art good.

Queen. Can you to think me Innocent incline

On her bare word, and would not Credit mine :

The poison's very busie at my heart,

Methinks I see Death shake his Threat'ning dart : -

Why are you kind and make it hard to die ?

Persist, Continue on the Injury.

Call me still vile, incestuous, all that's foul.

King. Oh pity, pity my despairing Soul ;

Sink it not quite. Raise my Physicians strait ;

Hasten 'em quickly e're it be too late.

Propose rewards may set their skill at strife,

I'll give my Crown to him that saves her life.

Curst Dog ! —

D. J. Vile prostitute !

King. — Revengeful Fiend !

But I've forgotten half, to *Carlos* send ;

Prevent what his despair may make him do :

{ *Guards sei-*
zes him.

[*To Gomez.*

Enter

Enter Henrietta.

Henr. Oh Horror, Horror, everlasting Woe.
The Prince, the Prince!

King. Hah! speak.——

Hen.—— He dyes, he dyes.

Within upon his Couch he bleeding lyes :
Just taken from a Bath, his Veins all Cut,
From which the springing blood flows swiftly out.
He threatens death on all that shall oppose
His fate, to save that life which he will loose. }

King. Dear *Austria* hasten, all thy int'rest use. }
Tell him it is to Friendship an Offence,
And let him know his Father's penitence :
Beg him to live.——

R.Go. Since you've decreed my death, know 'twill be hard,
The Bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd.
I Ow'd him that for his late pride and scorn :

King. There never was so curs'd a Villain born.
But by revenge such pains he shall go through,
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne're knew.
Rack him! I'll broyl him, burn him by degrees, }
Fresh Torments for him ev'ry hour devise,
Till he Curse heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies. }

Queen. My faithful *Henrietta* art thou come.
To wait th'unhappy Mistress to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now must leave thee, to heav'n knowes what wrong.
But Heav'n to its protection will receive
Such goodness, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Hen. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis Unspeakable, I lov'd so well.
A proof of it the World shall quickly find :
For when You dye, I'll scorn to stay behind.

*Enter D. Carlos supported between two, and
bleeding.*

D. John. See Sir, your Son.

King. My Son! but oh how dare
I use that name when this sad Object's near.

See

See Injur'd Prince who 'tis thy pardon Craves ;
 No more thy Father, but the worst of slaves :
 Behold the tears that from these fountains flow.

D. Carl. I come to take my farewell, e're I go
 To that bright dwelling, where there is no room
 For Blood, and where the Cruel never Come.

King. I know there is not ; therefore must despair :
 Oh heav'n his Cruelty I cannot bear.

Dost thou not hear thy wretched Father sue ?

D. Car. My Father, speak the word once more, is't you ? }
 And may I think the dear Conversion true?
 Oh that I could !

King. By heav'n thou must—it is.
 Let me Embrace and kiss thy Trembling knees.
 Why wilt thou dye ? no, live my *Carlos* live,
 And all the wrongs that I have done, forgive.

D. Car. Life was my Curse, and giv'n me sure in spight :
 Oh had I perisht when I first saw light,
 I never then these miseries had brought
 On you, nor by you had been Guilty thought.
 Prop me : apace I feel my life decay.
 The little time on Earth I have to stay,
 Grant I without Offence may here bestow :
 You cannot certainly be Jealous now.

{ Pointing to
 the Queen.

King. Break, break my heart——

{ Leads D. Carlos
 to the Chair.

D. Car. Y'ave thus more kindness shown,
 Then if y'ad Crown'd and plac't me on your Throne.
 Methinks so highly happy I appear,
 That I could pity you, to see You there :
 Take me away again, You are too good.

Queen. *Carlos* is't you ? Oh stop that Royal flood ;
 Live, and possess your Father's Throne, when I
 In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lie.

D. Car. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher pride
 Thus on you fixt, and dying by your side,
 How much a Life and Empire I disdain ;
 No, we'l together mount, where both shall reign }
 Above all Wrongs, and never more Complain.

Queen. Oh matchless Youth! oh Constancy Divine! }
Sure there was never Love that Equall'd thine; }
Nor any so Unfortunate as mine. ——— }

Henceforth forsaken Virgins shall in Songs,
When they would ease their own, repeat thy wrongs:
And in remembrance of thee, for thy sake,
A solemn Annual Procession make:
In Chast devotion as fair Pilgrims Come,
With Hyacinths, and Lillies, deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then Vain World adieu!
It is to reconcile my Lord, and You.

D. Carl. Has done no wrong to me, I am posselt
Of all, beyond my expectation blest.
But yet methinks there's something in my heart,
Tells me I must not too Unkindly part:
Father draw nearer, raise me with your hand,
Before I dye, what is't you would Command?

King. The Grant thoult find too difficult a Task;
I want forgiveness if I durst but ask.
How Curs't! and yet how might I have been blest!

D. Carl. Oh all my wrongs and my misfortunes past,
As they ne're were let your Remembrance shun,
And quite forget e'm all as I ha' done.
Alas! 'tis fate has been too blame, not You,
Who only Honours dictates did pursue.
I was a wicked Son, Indeed I was,
Rebel to Yours as well as Duties Laws.

By head-strong will too proud to be confin'd;
Scorn'd your Commands, and at your Joyes repin'd.
When to my love your Royal Claim was layd,
I should have born my Inj'ries and obeyd;
But I was hot, and would my right maintain,
Which you forgave; yet I rebell'd again, }
And nought but death can now wash off the stain. }

King. Why wert thou made so excellently good;
And why was it no sooner Understood?
But I was Curs't, and blindly led astray;
Oh for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'st ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by despair.

D. Carl.

D. Carl. Thus then with the remains of
 (life we kneel, } *D. Carl. and the*
 May you be ever free from all that's ill. } *Queen sink out*
Queen. And everlasting peace upon you } *of the Chairs,*
 (dwell, } *and kneel.*

King. No more ; this Virtue's too divinely bright,
 My Darken'd Soul too Conversant with Night,
 Grows blind, and Overcome with too much light.
 Here raise e'm up : Gently ye slaves, down, down;
 Ye Glorious Toyles a Scepter and a Crown
 For ever be forgotten, in your stead
 Only Eternal darkness wrap my head.

Qu. Where are you? oh Farewel, I must be gone.

King. Blest happy Soul, take not thy flight so soon:
 Stay till I dye, then bear mine with thee too,
 And Guard it up, which else must sink below.

Qu. From all my Injuries and all my fears;
 From Jealousie Love's bane, the worst of Cares,
 Thus I remove to find that stranger rest,
Carlos thy hand receive me on thy breast,
 Within this minute how shall we be blest.

D. Car. Oh far above
 What ever wishes fram'd, or hopes design'd,
 Thus where we go we shall the Angels find,
 For ever pressing, and for ever kind.

Qu. Make hast, in the first Sphear I'll for you stay;
 Thence we'll rise both to Everlasting day.
 Farewel——

[Dyes.]

D. Car. I follow you, now Close my eyes;
 Thus all o're blis the Happy *Carlos* dyes.

{ *Leans on her*
bosome.

King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I must n'ere aspire,
 Run, fallly out, and set the World on fire.
 Alarum Nature, let loose all the winds;
 Set free those spirits whom strong Magick binds.
 Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
 The Fiends start from their Hell and shake their Chains,
 Till all things from their Harmony decline,
 And the Confusion be as great as mine.
 Here I'll lye down, and never more arise;
 Howl out my life, and rend the Ay'r with Cryes.

D. John.

D. John. Hold Sir! afford your lab'ring heart some ease.

King. Oh name it not! there's no such thing as Peace.

From these warm Lips, yet one soft kiss I'll take:

How my heart beats! why won't the Rebel break?

My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, speak.

Oh he regards not now my miseries!

But deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.

Oh now I think on't better, all is well,

Here's one that's just descending into Hell:

How comes it that he's not already gone?

The Sluggard's Lazy, but I'll spur him on.

Hey! how he flies.

[*Stabs R. Gomez*]

R. Gom. 'Twas aym'd well at my heart

That I had strength enough but to retort:

Dull Life so tamely must I from thee part!

Curses and plagues; Revenge where art thou now?

Meet, meet me at thy own dark house below.

[*Dyes*]

King. He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing

As I.

D. John. Remember Sir, You are a King.

King. A King! it is too little, I'll be more

I tell thee: *Nero* was an Emperour,

He kill'd his Mother; but I've that out-done,

Murder'd a Loyal Wife, and Guiltless Son.

Yet *Austria*, why should I grow mad for that?

Is it my fault I was unfortunate?

D. John. Collect your Spirits Sir, and calm your Mind?

King. Look too't! strange things I tell thee are design'd.

Thou *Austria* shalt grow old, and in thy age

Doat, Doat, my Heroe! oh a long gray Beard,

With Eyes distilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,

Will be such charms thou can't not want success:

But above all beware of Jealousie.

It was the dreadful Curse that ruin'd me.

D. John. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heaven! but stay,

Nam'd I not heaven? I did, and at the word

(Methought I saw't) the Azure fabrick stir'd.

66 *Don Carlos Prince of Spain.*

Oh for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare! }
 But I'll pursue and Overtake e'm there. }
 Whirle, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer ; }
 I'll ride in that away, pull, pull him down : }
 Oh how I'll hurl the Wild-fire as I run.
 Now, now I mount—— [Runs off raving

D. John. Look to the King.
 See of this fair one too strict care be had. }
 Despair ! how vast a Triumph hast thou made? } *Pointing to*
 No more in Loves Enervate charms I'll ly, } *Henrietta.*
 Shaking off softness, to the Camp I'll fly ;
 Where Thirst of Fame the Active Hero warms,
 And what I've lost in Peace, regain in Arms.

F I N I S.

THERE is, lately Published the *Art of making Love, or Rules for the*
Conduct of Ladies and Gallants in their Amours. In Twelves, Price
 bound 1 s. Printed for R. Tonson at Grays-Inn-Gate in Grays-Inn-Lane.



THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Girl.

NOW what d'ye think my Message hither means?

Tonder's the Poet sick behind the Scenes:

He told me there was pity in my face,

And therefore sent me here to make his peace.

Let me for once persvade ye to be kind;

For he has promis'd me to stand my Friend.

And if this time I can your kindness move,

He'll write for me, he swears by all above,

When I am bigg enough to be in love.

Now won't you be good natur'd, ye fine men?

Indeed I'll grow as fast as e're I can,

And try if to his promise he'll be true:

Think on't, when that time comes; you do not know,

But I may grow in love with some of you:

Or at the worst I'm certain I shall see

Amongst you those who'l swear they're so with me.

But now, if by my Suit you'l not be won,

You know what your unkindness oft has done;

I'll e'n forsake the Play-House, and turn Nun.

THE END.